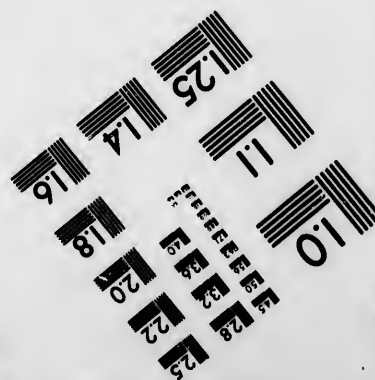
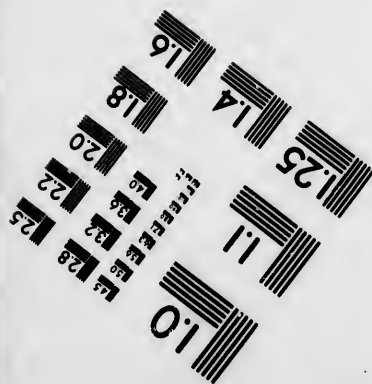
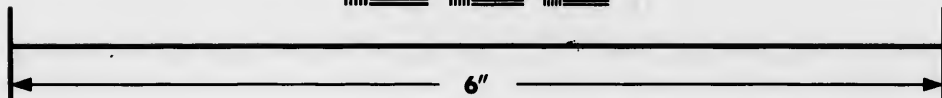
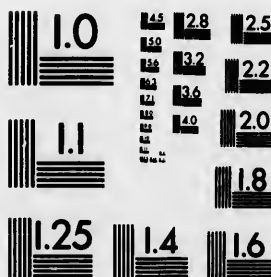


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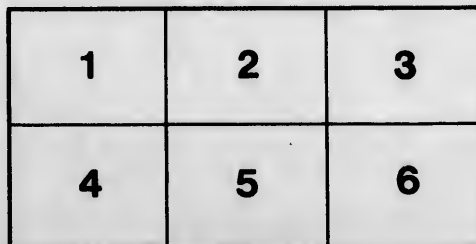
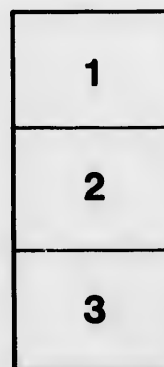
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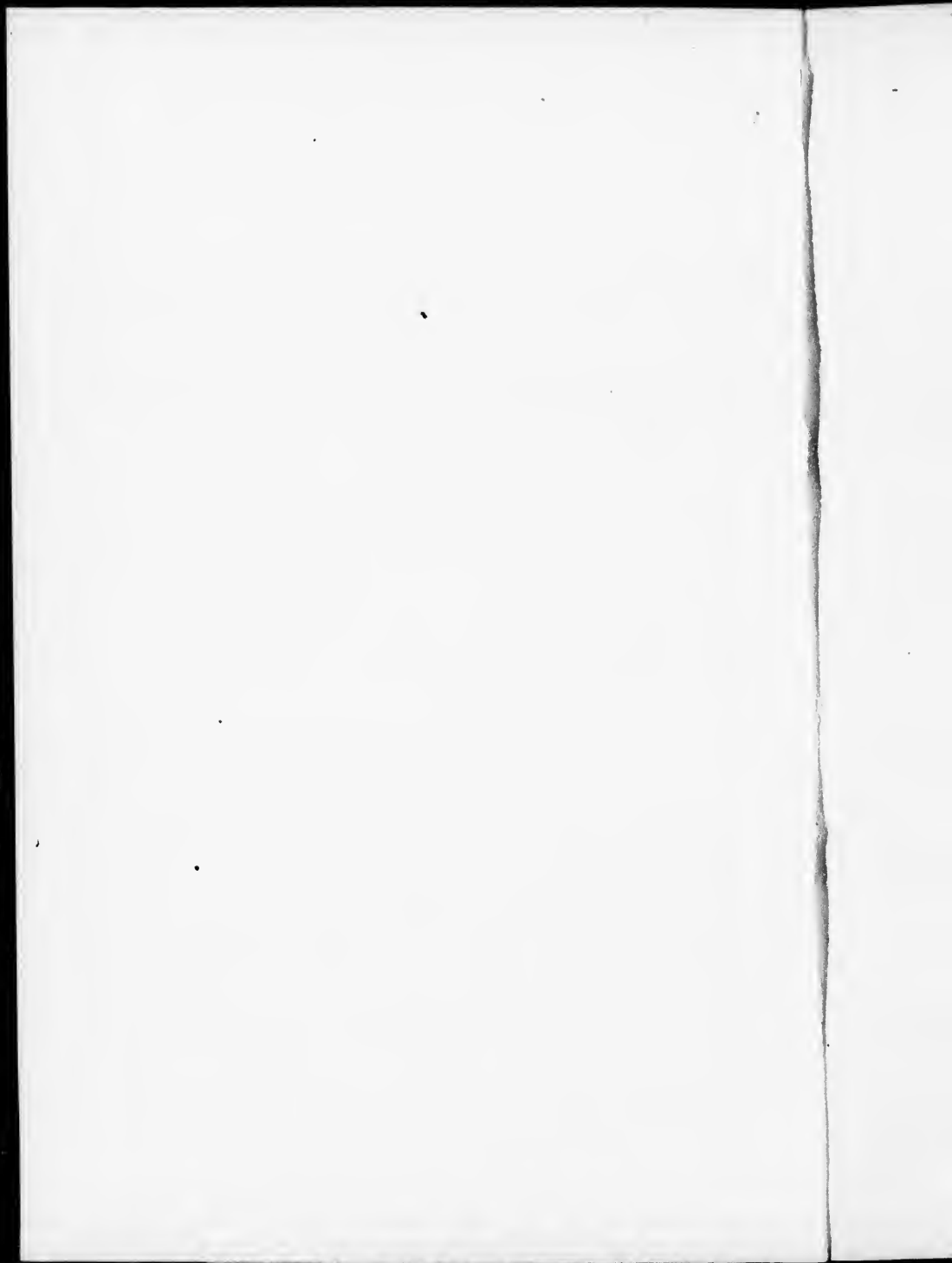
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7

SONGS

OF

CALVARY

BY THE

WHYTE BROTHERS



J. M. WHYTE

D. A. WHYTE



TORONTO:

WILLIAM BRIGGS, 78 & 80 KING STREET EAST

C. W. COATES, Montreal

S. F. HURSTIS, Halifax

M 21.98
W 556

39274

PREFACE.

A little band of men and women, from the humbler walks of life, assembled, several years ago, at a noonday prayer-meeting, in an upper room, on one of the business streets of Toronto.

In the midst of their devotions, while upon their knees, they sang

“O Calvary! dark Calvary!
My longing heart is turned to thee;
O Calvary! dark Calvary!
Speak to my heart from Calvary.”

One person, at least, went away from that prayer-meeting with the echo of that song in his heart, never to be forgotten; with the power of that word “Calvary,” with all its associated events, upon his soul, drawing him to the Christ who said, “And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto myself.”

O ye broken hearts look upward; hear the angel voices calling; lift your eyes to Calvary’s Jesus, broken hearted there for you.

J. M. W.

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Entered, according to the Act of the Parliament of Canada, in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-nine, by JOHN MARCHANT WHYTE, in the Office of the Minister of Agriculture, at Ottawa.

PENTECOST.

REV. W. W. CLARK, D.D.

J. M. WHITE.

1. O thou Great E - ter - nal Three! Send the promised spirit down,
2. Come as in the ancient days, Here the scenes of old repeat,
3. Help to preach thy word with pow'r, Shake the un - be - liev - ing heart,
4. While thy people look to thee, Now be - gin thy kingly reign,

Quick - en now thy church and me, All thy former mercies crown.
While to thee our hearts we raise, Bending low - ly at thy feet.
Come in this ac - cept - ed hour, Crowns of living fire im - part.
Let us all thy glo - ry see, Par - a - dise restore a - gain.

CHORUS.

Father, Son and Ho - ly Ghost, Send an - o - ther Pen - te - cost.

Father, Son and Ho - ly Ghost, Send an - o - ther Pen - te - cost.

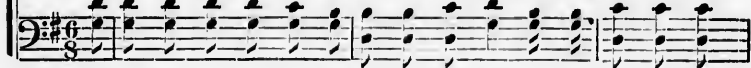
MY HOME.

Mrs. P. L. HANBY.

J. M. WHITE.



1. There is a fair ci - ty, I cannot tell where, It has man - y found-
2. I cannot tell where, but I know that it stands Ev - er firm as the
3. Those beanti - ful mansions my Lord has prepared, There are mansions for
4. A lit - tle while here to embroider my robe, With the beauti - ful



a - tions I'm told, Its walls are of je - per, its gates are of pearl,
 promise of God, The home of the angels, those spirits so bright,
 great and for small, A mansion for you and a mansion for me,
 pearls of his love, To gather bright stars for my heaven - ly crown,

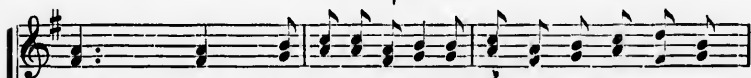
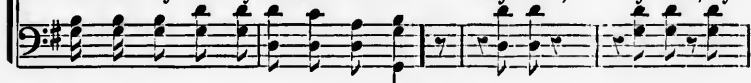


CHORUS.

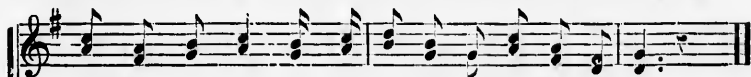
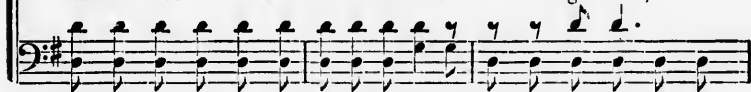


And its streets are the fin - est of gold. My home, my home, my
 And the saints who are washed in the blood.
 Bless the Lord, there are mansions for all.

Then a - way to my mansion above. My home, my home, my



home in the mansions of love, I'll gather bright stars for my
 beauti - ful home in the mansions of love. bright stars,



heaven - ly crown, Then a - way to my mansion above.
 for my crown,



WE'RE WAITING LORD.

J. M. W.

J. M. WHITE.

1. Low at thy feet, O Lord, we bow, Renew our hearts, we pray;
 2. O drive out ev - 'ry evil thought, — All ten - den - cy to sin;
 3. Wo un - der - take thy work in vain, To act we know not how;
 4. O may that strange, ce - les - tial fire Be - gin to burn this hour;
 5. O Lord, we give ourselves to thee, For - ev - er to be thine;

O send the Ho - ly Spir - it now, To wash our guilt a - way.
 This tem - ple which thy blood hath bought, O make it pure with - in.
 Come Ho - ly Spir - it, come a - gain, And move up - on us now.
 O may the Ho - ly Ghost in - spire Our hearts with mighty pow'r.
 Up - hold us with thy Spir - it free — Fill us with love divine.

CHORUS.

We're wait - ing Lord, we're waiting Lord, waiting for the pow'r,

O send the Ho - ly Spir - it down, down on us just now.

I WILL TELL IT TO JESUS.

J. M. W.

J. M. WHITE.

1. When times of temp - tation bring sadness and gloom I will tell it to
 2. When out on the hill-tops, away from all sin, I will tell it to
 3. When weary with toiling and ready to faint, I will tell it to
 4. When darkness is dimming my path to the sky, I will tell it to

Je - sus my Lord; The last of earth's treasures borne out to the tomb,
 Je - sus my Lord; When joyous and happy the sunshine with - in,
 Je - sus my Lord; He nev - er re - fus - es to hear my complaint,
 Je - sus my Lord; When helpers shall fail me and comforts shall fly,

I will tell it to Je - sus my Lord. This earth hath no sorrow
 I will tell it to Je - sus my Lord. To know I'm for - giv - en
 I will tell it to Je - sus my Lord. I'll cheerful - ly bear it,
 I will tell it to Je - sus my Lord. Though blurred my life's pages

For to - day or to - mor - row, But Je - sus hath known it and
 Is a foretaste of heaven, And Je - sus is dear - er to
 When I've Je - sus to share it, His yoke it is ea - sy, his
 By my sin and its wa - ges, He's yester - day, now, and for -

I WILL TELL IT TO JESUS—Continued.

J. M. WHITE.

ll it to
ll it to
ll it to
ll it to

felt long a - go, And when it comes o'er me, And I'm
me than be - fore, Such pence - ful - ness fills me, Such an
bur - den is light, When life becomes drear - y, And I'm
ev - er the same, I'll not be for - sak - en, Tho' my

the tomb,
e with - in,
y complaint,
s shall fly,

tempted so sore - ly, I will tell it to Je - sus my Lord.
ee - sta - sy thrills me, I will tell it to Je - sus my Lord.
footsore and weary, I will tell it to Je - sus my Lord.
life should be taken, I will tell it to Je - sus my Lord.

CHORUS.

sorrow
r - giv - en
y bear it,
y life's pages

I will tell it to Je - sus, to
I will tell it to Je - sus, I will tell it to Je - sus, I will

Je - - sus my Lord,
tell it to Je - sus, to Je - sus my Lord, I will tell it to Je - sus

Je - - sus my Lord, . . . I will tell . . . it
tell it to Je - sus, to Je - sus my Lord, I will tell it to Je - sus

wn it and
r - er to
- sy, his
y, and for -

to Je - - sus, I will tel. it to Jesus my Lord.
I will tell it to Je - sus,

JESUS CALLING THEE.

J. M. W.

J. M. WHITE.

1. Hear the voice of Je - sus calling, Calling sin - ner un - to thee,
 2. Lo - his feet are pierced and bleeding, Bearing precious gifts to thee,
 3. It is late and shadows falling, Darken till you cannot see,
 4. Why that silence so ap - palling, Is thy soul within thee dead?

Ten - der - ly his accents falling, O - pen thou the door to me.
 See his wounded hands are pleading, O - pen weary heart to me.
 Still you hear him calling, calling, O - pen thou the door to me.
 Has the Saviour ceased from calling? Has the Ho - ly Spir - it fled?

CHORUS.

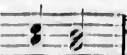
Call - - - ing sinner, call - - - ing sinner, Hear the voice of
 Je - sus calling thee, Je - sus calling thee,

Je - sus calling thee; Call - - - ing sinner, call - - - ing sinner;
 Je - sus calling thee, Jesus calling thee,

Hear the voice of Je - sus calling, Calling, calling un - to thee.
 calling,

LET THE CHILDREN SING.

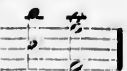
J. M. WHITE.



to thee,
to thee,
not see,
thee dead?



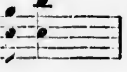
r to me.
t to me.
r to me.
e - it fled?



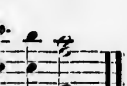
no voice of



ing sinner;
ing thee,



n-to thee.

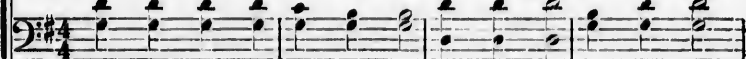


J. M. W.

J. M. WHITE.



1. Let the children sing the song, Sing the song, sing the song;
2. Je - sus bought us with his blood, With his blood, with his blood;
3. Je - sus saves us by his love, By his love, by his love;
4. Je - sus is our lov - ing friend, Lov - ing friend, lov - ing friend;
5. We will love him more and more, More and more, more and more;
6. We will wait till Je - sus comes, Je - sus comes, Je - sus comes;



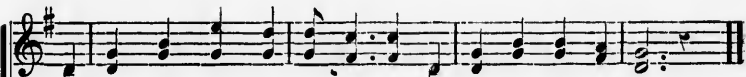
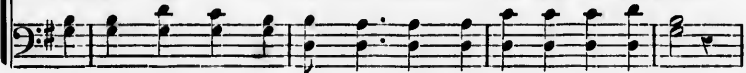
Let the children sing the song Of Je - sus and his love.
Je - sus bought us with his blood, And we be - long to him.
Je - sus saves us by his love, And keeps us ev - 'ry day.
Je - sus is our lov - ing friend, He loves us to the end.
We will love him more and more, And serve him ev - 'ry day.
We will wait till Je - sus comes, To take us to his home.



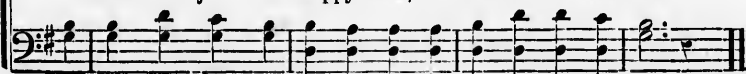
CHORUS.



We're go - ing to a bet - ter land, And Je - sus is our guide,



O come and join our happy band, And walk at Je - sus' side.



SAVIOUR, DEAR TO ME.

J. M. W.

J. M. WYER.

1. O why should I weep from day to day? My Saviour, dear to me;
 2. O when at thy feet bowed down I pray, My Saviour, dear to me,
 3. O show them thyself, all bruised and sore, My Saviour, dear to me,
 4. O when shall my tears be turned to joy? My Saviour, dear to me;

O when shall my sorrows flee a-way? My Saviour, dear to me;
 My burdens and sins take thou a-way, My Saviour, dear to me;
 As I have seen thee, thy visage marred, My Saviour, dear to me;
 O when shall no storms my peace destroy? My Saviour, dear to me;

Sometimes I am wea-ry and sigh for re-lief, Temptations as -
 And still I go weep-ing, my sorrow for souls, (throws deeper and
 For though I go weep-ing, my weeping will fail, My tears are but
 In tears I am sow-ing—to reap will be sweet, In joy my sheaves

sail me along with my grief, And yet while I weep, And sorrows are deep,
 keener, each bell as it tolls, But yet while I cry, And sorrow and sigh,
 pleadings, thy blood must avail, O while I thus plead, Wilt thou intercede?
 bringing, to lay at thy feet, Till then, though I cry, And sorrow and sigh,

SAVIOUR, DEAR TO ME—Continued.

J. M. WYTHE.

to me;
to me,
to me,
to me;

me;
me;
me;
me;

tions as -
leeper and
es are but
my sheaves

rows are deep,
row and sigh,
ou intercede?
row and sigh,

My hope is still in thee, My Saviour, dear to me.
My hope is still in thee, My Saviour, dear to me.
My hope is still in thee, My Saviour, dear to me.
My hope is still in thee, My Saviour, dear to me.

CHORUS.

O where shall I find rest? O when shall I be
In heaven I'll rest, O

free? In heaven my sorrows shall all flee a - way,
then I'll be free,

No sighing nor crying through one end - less day, Till then all my

hope and my trust is in thee, My Saviour, dear to me.

I GAVE MY HEART.

J. M. W.

J. M. WHITE.

1. I have heard the voice of Je - sus, soft and low; I have heard the
 2. And he found my heart a cold and cheerless place; But he entered
 3. And he tuned the harp of love so long unstrung; And he touched the
 4. Though my love for Je - sus was so ve - ry cold; Yet his love for

Spir - it pleading with me so, That I came with all my
 in and warmed it by his grace; And he showed to me his
 strings and gave to them a tongue; And the strings rang out with
 me has brought me to his fold; And the songs of praise to

weight of sin and woe, And I gave my heart to Je - sus.
 sweet and love - ly face, When I gave my heart to Je - sus.
 songs be - fore un - sung, When I gave my heart to Je - sus.
 him have not grown old, Since I gave my heart to Je - sus.

CHORUS.

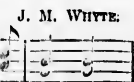
How the music swelled from the golden harps, And the sweet-voiced seraphim,

On that blessed, blessed hap - py day, When I gave my heart to him.
 blessed happy day,

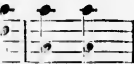
O WHO COULD HELP ME ?

J. M. W.

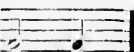
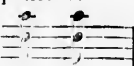
J. M. WHITE.



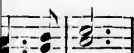
re heard the
me entered
he touched the
his love for



all my
me his
out with
praise to



Je - sus.
Je - sus.
Je - sus.
Je - sus.



ced seraphim,



art to him.



1. O who, who could help me, Relieve, cleanse and save me?
2. My sins were as scar - let, And red, like to crimson,
3. My foes, strong and mighty, Stood o - ver a - gainst me,

And I went and told my Lord; O who, who could help me,
And I went and told my Lord; My sins were as scar - let,
And I went and told my Lord; My foes, strong and mighty,

Relieve, cleanse and save me? And I went and told my Lord.
And red, like to crimson, And I went and told my Lord.
Stood o - ver against me, And I went and told my Lord.

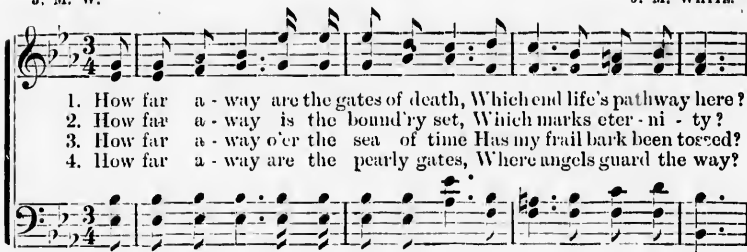
And I came to Calv'ry's mountain, And a cross up - lift - ed there,
He dispelled my wo - ful sadness, And my sins he all forgave,
And he came and stood be - side me, My defence and hiding - place,

And I saw the cleansing fountain, When I went and told my Lord.
And my heart was filled with gladness, When I went and told my Lord.
Might-y help was not denied me, When I went and told my Lord.

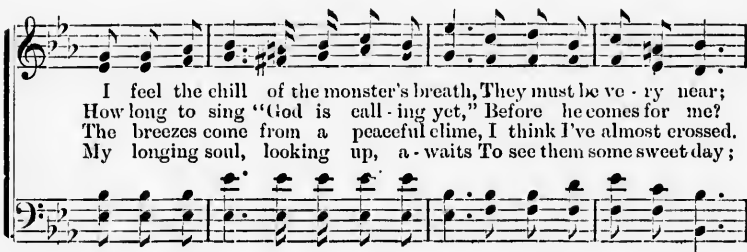
HOW FAR AWAY.

J. M. W.

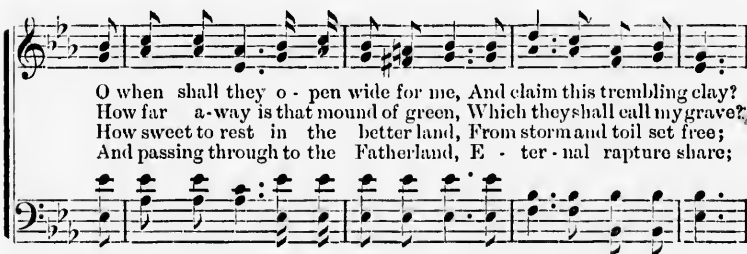
J. M. WITTE.



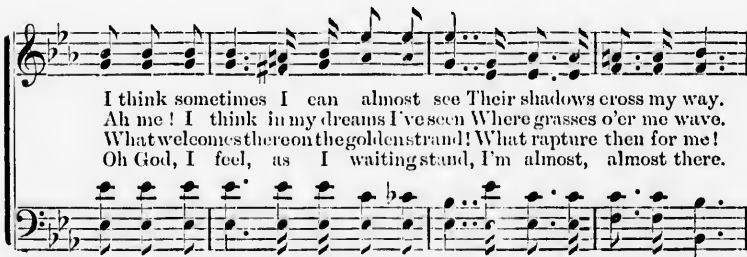
1. How far a - way are the gates of death, Which end life's pathway here?
 2. How far a - way is the bound'ry set, Which marks eter - ni - ty?
 3. How far a - way o'er the sea of time Has my frail bark been tossed?
 4. How far a - way are the pearly gates, Where angels guard the way?



I feel the chill of the monster's breath, They must be ve - ry near;
 How long to sing "God is call - ing yet," Before he comes for me?
 The breezes come from a peaceful clime, I think I've almost crossed,
 My longing soul, looking up, a - waits To see them some sweet day;



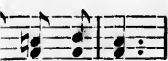
O when shall they o - pen wide for me, And claim this trembling clay?
 How far a - way is that mound of green, Which they shall call my grave?
 How sweet to rest in the better land, From storm and toil set free;
 And passing through to the Fatherland, E - ter - nal rapture share;



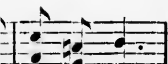
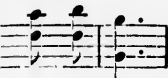
I think sometimes I can almost see Their shadows cross my way.
 Ah me! I think in my dreams I've seen Where grasses o'er me wave.
 What welcomes there on the golden strand! What rapture then for me!
 Oh God, I feel, as I waiting stand, I'm almost, almost there.

HOW FAR AWAY—Continued.

J. M. WHITE.



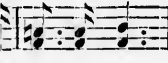
fe's pathway here?
s eter - ni - ty?
ark been tossed?
ls guard the way?



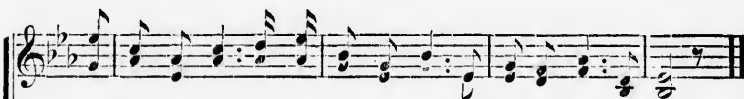
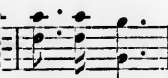
be ve - ry near;
comes for me?
ve almost crossed,
some sweet day;



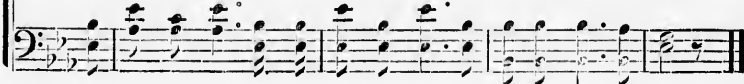
is trembling clay?
hall call my grave?
and toil set free;
l rapture share;



vs cross my way.
es o'er me wave.
re then for me!
t, almost there.



I think sometimes I can almost see Their shadows cross my way.
Ah me! I think in my dreams I've seen Where grasses o'er me wave.
Wha' welcomes there on the golden strand! What rap'ture then for me!
Oh God, I feel, as I waiting stand, I'm almost, almost there.



11

Praise to the Redeemer.

- 1 O for a thousand tongues to sing
My Great Redeemer's praise;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace!
- 2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad
The honours of thy Name.
- 3 Jesus! the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 4 He breaks the power of cancelled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood availed for me.
- 5 He speaks, and, listening to his voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice;
The humble poor believe.
- 6 See all your sins on Jesus laid:
The Lamb of God was slain,
His soul was once an offering made
For every soul of man.

12

The Coronation of Christ.

- 1 All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 2 Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
Ye ransomed from the fall,
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

- 3 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 4 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 5 O that with yonder sacred throng
We at his feet may fall;
Join in the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all!

13

Christ the soul's only refuge

- 1 Jesus, Lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high:
Hide me, O my Saviour hide,
Till the storm of life be past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last!
- 2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on thee is stayed;
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.
- 3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
More than all in thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name,
I am all unrighteousness;
False and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

J. M. W.

J. M. WHITE.

1. Christ Je - sus the Savour of sin - ners I see, His
 2. I hear of that fountain in beau - ti - ful song, That
 3. O glo - ri - ous fountain, thy wa - ters flow down The
 4. O will you not drink of that fountain to - day? O

hands are outstretched as he cries, "If a - ny man thirst, let him
 foun - tain with waters so sweet; The ransomed ones sing of it
 path which the Saviour hath trod; Thro' Cal - va - ry's sud - den rings, 'neath
 sin - ner, why die of your thirst? Why turn from the life - giv - ing

come un - to me, And drink of the liv - ing supplies,
 all the day long, Its blessings and glo - ries re - peat.
 mock - er - y's crown, And back to the presence of God.
 foun - tain a - way? Why die and for - ev - er be curst?

CHORUS.

Ye dy - ing, come! Ye dy - ing, come!
 dy - ing men, come! dy - ing men, come!

Ye dy - ing, come! O come and drink and live,
 dy - ing men, come!

J. M. W.

1. I
2. I
3. I
4. I

Spe
 Sin
 Fly
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J. M. W.

J. M. W.

1. Like the mu - sic of a fountain Which a thirst - y trav'ler hears,
 2. Though thy heart is crushed and broken, Like a storm-tossed ship at sea,
 3. Though thy song hath nought but sorrow, Like a bird's whose breast is torn;
 4. Look a - way beyond thy sadness, Up to Je - sus turn thy gaze;

Speaks a voice from Calv'ry's mountain, "I am more than all thy fears."
 Sink - ing, dying,—Christ hath spoken, "It is I, look un - to me."
 Fly to Christ, nor wait the morrow, He hath all thy sorrows borne.
 Then thy song shall turn to gladness—Then thy tongue shall sound his praise.

CHORUS.

O ye broken hearts, look upward! Hear the an - gel
 broken hearts,

voi - ces call - ing, Lift your eyes to Calv'ry's
 call - ing you, Lift your eyes to

Je - sus, Je - sus, Bro - ken heart - ed there for you.

J. M. W.

J. M. WHITE.

1. Is there some precious soul who is wea - ry to - day,
 2. Is there some precious soul who is long - ing to - day,
 3. Is there some thirsty soul who is dy - ing to - day,
 4. Is there some halting soul say - ing, "No, not to - day?"
 5. Soon the an - gel of death through your por - tals will tread,

With the bur - den of sin, will you now come a - way
 For the par - don of sin, why this need - less de - lay?
 For the wa - ter of life, and yet stay - ing a - way?
 'Tis the temp - ter's de - vice thus to lead you a - stray,
 And his chill touch will snap off your life's brit - tle thread;

To the dear bless - ed Saviour, who died to re - deem,
 When the dear bless - ed Saviour declares he'll for - give,
 Come to Je - sus your Saviour, who died to re - deem,
 Till a dark - er to - morrow comes on with its gloom;
 There is no one but Je - sus can help when you die,

And asks you to cast all your burdens on him?
 And wants you to trust in his promise and live.
 And bids you to drink of the life - giv - ing stream.
 But what if too late to make heaven your home?
 O why will you per - ish, when help is so nigh?

CHO

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17

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3 When
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 Peace
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COME AWAY—Continued.

J. M. WHITE.

CHORUS.

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ing - ing to - day,
- ing to - day,
b, not to - day?"
or - tals will tread,

come a - way
d - less de - lay?
y - ing a - way?
l you a - stray,
s brit - tle thread;

to re - deem,
he'll for - give,
to re - deem;
with its gloom;
when you die,

ons on him?
ise and live.
giv - ing stream.
en your home?
is so nigh?

Come a - way, come to - day,
Come, come, come a - way, come, come, come to - day,

Come to Jesus while he's nigh; . . . Come a - way,
Come to Jesus while he's nigh, very nigh; come, come, come away,

come to - day. Come to Je - sus ere you die.
come, come, come to - day,

17

Glorying in the Cross.

- 1 In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.
- 2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me;
Still it glows with peace and joy.
- 3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds more lustre to the day.
- 4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there, that knows no measure,
Joys that evermore abide.

18

Sinners invited to the gospel feast.

- 1 Come sinners, to the gospel feast,
Let every soul be Jesus' guest;
Ye need not one be left behind,
For God hath bidden all mankind.
- 2 Sent by my Lord, on you I call,
The invitation is to ALL:
Come, all the world; come sinner, thou;
All things in Christ are ready now.
- 3 Come, all ye souls by sin opprest,
Ye restless wanderers after rest,
Ye poor and maimed and halt and blind;
In Christ a hearty welcome find.
- 4 My message as from God receive;
Ye all may come to Christ, and live;
O let his love your hearts constrain,
Nor suffer him to die in vain!

J. M. W.

J. M. WHITE.

1. A warn - ing cry, like a trum - pet blast, Is
 2. You cling to sin as a mor - sel sweet, With
 3. Your life goes out like the ebb - ing tide, A -
 4. How long, will you God de - fy? How
 5. In that great day, when you see his face, What
 6. O why should you in your fool - ish pride, Sink

ring . . . ing down from the a - ges past, Vain man, make
 scorn - . . . are bold you re - joice to meet, Vain man, make
 way . . . from Je - sus, whom you've denied, Vain man, make
 long, . . . how long, will you Christ de - ny? Too late! too
 will . . . you do, who have spurned his grace? No help! no
 down . . . to death in the fier - y tido? O haste to

haste, while the mo - ments last, To flee from the wrath to come.
 haste with thy ling - ring feet, To flee from the wrath to come.
 haste to his bleed - ing side, And hide from the wrath to come.
 late! soon will be the cry, To hide from the wrath to come.
 hope! no a - bid - ing place, To hide from the wrath to come.
 Je - sus, the cru - ci - fied, And hide from the wrath to come.

CHORUS.

For who shall stand, in that dread - ful day? When
 For whoshallstand?whoshallstandinthatdreadfulday,dreadfulday? When

20

- 1 I come
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21

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A WARNING CRY—Continued.

J. M. WYTHE.

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sel sweet, With
ing tide, A
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his face, What
ish pride, Sink

(God Al - might - y's wrath shall come?—To Je - sus haste,

sin - ner, while you may, And hide from the wrath to come.

ast, Vain man, make
eet, Vain man, make
ed, Vain man, make
ny? Too late! too
ace? No help! no
de? O haste to

20

Consecration to Christ.

- 1 I come, thou wounded Lamb of God,
To wash me in thy cleansing blood;
To rest beneath thy cross, then pain
Is sweet, and life or death is gain.
- 2 Take my poor heart, and let it be
For ever closed to all but thee!
Seal thou my breast, and let me wear
That pledge of love for ever there!
- 3 How blest are they who still abide
Close sheltered at thy bleeding side!
Wholifeandstrength from thee derive,
And by thee move, and in thee live.
- 4 What are our works but sin and death,
Till thou thy quickening Spirit breathe?
Thou giv'st the power thy grace to move:
O wondrous grace! O boundless love!
- 5 How can it be, thou heavenly King,
That thou shouldst us to glory bring?
Make slaves the partners of thy throne,
Decked with a never-fading crown?

the wrath to come.
the wrath to come.
the wrath to come.
the wrath to come.
the wrath to come.

21

Rest found only in God.

- 1 O where shall rest be found,
Rest for the weary soul?
'Twere vain the ocean's depths to sound,
Or seek from pole to pole.
- 2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh;
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.
- 3 Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years,
And all that life is love.

ful day? When
, dreadful day? When

- 4 There is a death, whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath;
O what eternal horrors hang
Around the second death!
- 5 Thou God of truth and grace,
Teach us that death to shun,
Lest we be banished from thy face,
For evermore undone.
- 6 Here would we end our quest;
We find alone in thee
The life of perfect love, the rest
Of immortality.

22

*"The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth
us from all sin."*

- 1 There is a fountain filled with blood
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners, plunged beneath that
flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.
- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.
- 3 O dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved to sin no more.
- 4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.
- 5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save;
When this poor lisping, stammering
tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

J. M. W.

J. M. WHITE.

1. To whom can you go for the pardon of sin? O who can
 2. Hasten to Je - sus, and make him your choice, He'll bless and
 3. Take warning, my brother, the night is at hand, You'll soon have
 4. So swift - ly they're passing! the days of thy life Will soon be

en - light - en the darkness within? Hasten sin - ner to Je - sus, the
 en - rich you, and make you rejoice; O has - ten to Je - sus, there's
 to give up your houses and land; Then has - ten to Je - sus, O
 all ov - er, and end - ed the strife; O has - ten to Je - sus, con -

mighty to save, To save you from sin, he his life free - ly gave.
 mer - cy in store, A crown of re - joicing for you ev - er - more.
 why do you wait? O why have you lingered un - til it's so late?
 fess all to him, There's no one but Je - sus can save you from sin.

CHORUS.

Then has - - - - ten to Je - sus, The night . . . is
 Then hasten, O has - ten to Je - sus, O has - ten to Je - sus,

at hand, You'll soon have to give up your houses
 the night is at hand,

and

cost

24

"God for
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HASTEN TO JESUS—Continued.

J. M. WHITE.

sin? O who can
choice, He'll bless and
hand, You'll soon have
life Will soon be

and land, And what's it all worth when you count up the

cost, To gain the whole world if thy soul should be lost?

to Je - sus, the
to Je - sus, there's
to Je - sus, O
to Je - sus, con -

life free - ly gave.
you ev - er - more.
till it's so late?
ave you from sin.

24

"God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."

- 1 When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.
- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.
- 3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown!
- 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

en to Je - is

25

Christ the Rock of ages.

- 1 Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure.
- 2 Could my tears for ever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone;
Thou must save and thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling.

o your houses

- 3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne,
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

26

"Just as I am."

- 1 Just as I am, without one plea
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidd'st me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come!
- 2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To thee whose blood can cleanse each
spot,
O Lamb of God, I come!
- 3 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
With fears within, and foes without,
O Lamb of God, I come!
- 4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come!
- 5 Just as I am, thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come!
- 6 Just as I am,—thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come!

J. M. W.

J. M. WHITE.

1. On Calv - ry's mount a crimson stream Flows from the Saviour's side,
 2. His wounded hands, they in - ter - cele For me be - fore the throne;
 3. My crim - son sins by faith I see, Made snow - white in that blood;
 4. So here my song shall ev - er be, My Saviour's dy - ing love,

It flows the sin - ner to re - deem, From sin and guilt and pride.
 His wounded feet, they ev - er plead, For mer - cy to be shown.
 My scar - let sins as wool shall be, Be - neath that scar - let flood.
 And when I reach e - ter - ni - ty, I'll sing his praise a - bove.

CHORUS.

Oh Sav - . . . iour, let thy cleansing blood My crim - son
 Oh Saviour, let thy cleansing blood, My crim - son

stains o'er - flow, Oh wash my
 stains o'er - flow, o'er - flow, Oh wash my soul

soul be - neath that flood, And make me white as snow.
 be - neath that flood,

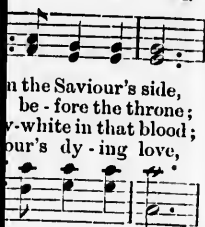
J. M. W.

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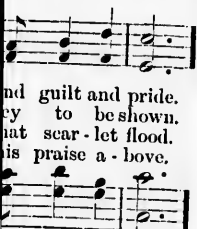
J. M. WHITE.

J. M. W.

J. M. WHITE.



in the Saviour's side,
be - fore the throne;
y - white in that blood;
our's dy - ing love,



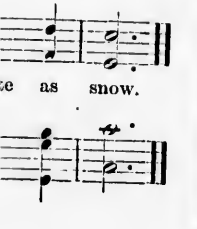
and guilt and pride.
ry to be shown.
at scar - let flood.
is praise - a - bove.



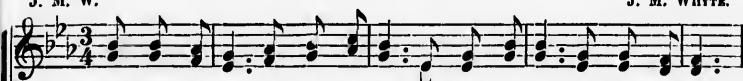
My crim - son
My crim - son



my soul my



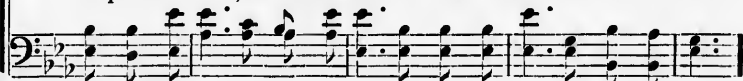
as snow.



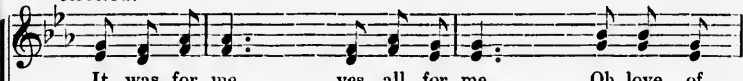
1. Was it for me, for me alone, The Saviour left his glorious throne, —
2. Was it for me sweet angel strains Came floating o'er Ju - de - a's plains,
3. Was it for me the Saviour said, Pil - low thy wea - ry, ach - ing head
4. Was it for me he wept and pray'd, My load of sin up - on him laid,
5. Was it for me he bowed his head Up - on the cross, and free - ly shed



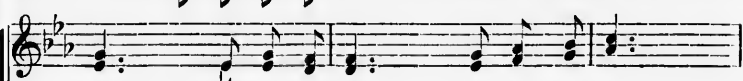
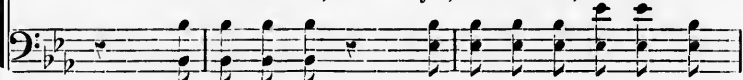
The dazzling splendors of the sky? Was it for me he came to die?
That starlight night, so long a - go? Was it for me God planned it so?
Trustingly on thy Saviour's breast? Was it for me? Can I thus rest?
That night within Gethsem - a - ne? Was it for me, — that ag - o - ny?
His precious blood, — that crimson tide? Was it for me the Saviour died?



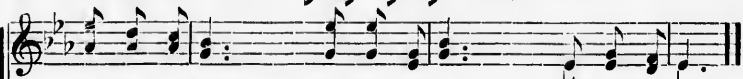
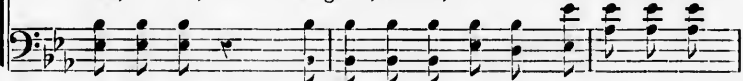
CHORUS.



It was for me, yes, all for me, Oh love of
It was for me, yes, all for me, Oh love of



God, so great, so free, Oh wondrous love!
God, so free, so great, so free, Oh wondrous, wondrous love!



I'll shout and sing, He died for me, my Lord and King.
I'll shout and sing, He died for me, my Lord and King.



MY MOTHER'S HYMN.

J. M. W.

J. M. WHYTE.

1. It was a song of Je - sus, Soft and sweet and low, I
 2. That voice is hushed for - ev - er, 'Midst this earthly throng, She
 3. So while the years fly past me, There's no o - ther song, So
 4. Some day I'll cross the riv - er—Hear her sing a - gain, It
 5. O ec - sta - sy of meeting, All my loved ones there, And

heard my mo - ther sing it, Years and years a - go, It told of free
 sings with her Redeem - er, Heaven's sweetest song, And yet that voice
 stirs my soul's e - motions, Deep and full and strong. The joy of mem -
 may be bet - ter, sweeter, Still the same re - frain; So while I live
 ev - er and for - ev - er, In their joys to share, And oh, my Sa -

sal - va - tion's plan, So full of love, and thus it ran,
 I hear a - gain, As when she sang the sweet re - frain,
 'ry gives a pang, For I can hear her as she sang,
 I'll watch and pray, And sing my Saviour's praise each day,
 viour's face I'll see, And join the anthems full and free,

"He just - ly claims a song from me, His loving kindness, oh, how free!"
 "He saved me from my lost estate, His loving kindness, oh, how great!"
 "He safe - ly leads my soul along, His loving kindness, oh, how strong!"
 "And with my last expiring breath, His loving kindness sing in death."
 "And sing with rapture and surprise, His loving kindness in the skies."

30

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31

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MY MOTHER'S HYMN—Continued.

J. M. WHYTE.

CHORUS.

and low, I
thly throng, She
ther song, So
a - gain, It
ones there, And

"His lov - - ing kindness," sweet mem'ry bears the song to me,
His lov - ing, lov - ing kindness,

It told of free
And yet that voice
The joy of mem -
So while I live
And oh, my Sa -

"His lov - ing kind - ness, His lovingkindness, oh, how free."
His loving kindness, loving kindness,

et it ran,
et re - frain,
she sang,
se each day,
and free,

30

Godly sorrow at the Cross.

- 1 Alas! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Sovereign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?
- 2 Was it for crimes that I have done,
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown,
And love beyond degree!
- 3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died
For man, the creature's sin.
- 4 Thus might I hide my blushing face
While his dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness
And melt mine eyes to tears.
- 5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,—
'Tis all that I can do.

- 3 Anger and sloth, desire and pride,
This moment be subdued;
Be cast into the crimson tide
Of my Redeemer's blood.

- 4 Saviour, to thee my soul looks up,
My present Saviour, thou!
In all the confidence of hope,
I claim the blessing now.
- 5 'Tis done: thou dost this moment save,
With full salvation bless;
Redemption through thy blood I have,
And spotless love and peace.

32

The Saints glorified.

- 1 Give me the wings of faith to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be.
- 2 Once they were mourners here below,
And poured out eries and tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.
- 3 I ask them whence their victory came;
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to his death.
- 4 They marked the footsteps that he trod,
His zeal inspired their breast;
And, following their incarnate God,
Possess the promised rest.
- 5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise,
For his own pattern given;
While the long cloud of witnesses
Show the same path to heaven.

31

"Now is the day of salvation."

- 1 Come, O my God, the promise seal,
This mountain, sin, remove;
Now in my gasping soul reveal
The virtue of thy love.
- 2 I want thy life, thy purity,
Thy righteousness, brought in;
I ask, desire, and trust in thee,
To be redeemed from sin.

ss, oh, how free!"
ss, oh, how great!"
ss, oh, how strong!"
ss sing in death."
ss in theskies."

ANON.

D. A. WHITE.

1. O bless - ed feet of Je - sus, Wea - ry with seeking me,
 2. O knees which bent in anguish, In dark Gethsem - a - ne,
 3. O hands that were extend - ed, Up - on the aw - ful tree,
 4. O head so deep - ly pierc - ed, With thorns which sharpest be,

Stand at God's bar of judgment, And in - ter - cede for me,
 Kneel at the throne of glo - ry, And in - ter - cede for me,
 Hold up those precious nailprints, Which in - ter - cede for me,
 Bend low be - fore thy Fa - ther, And in - ter - cede for me,

CHORUS.

And in - ter - cede for me. O in - ter - cede, O in - ter -
 And in - ter - cede for me.
 Which in - ter - cede for me.
 And in - ter - cede for me. O in - ter - cede,

cede . . . for me, for me, Still in - ter - cede for me.
 O in - ter - cede

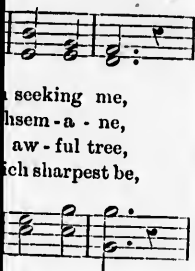
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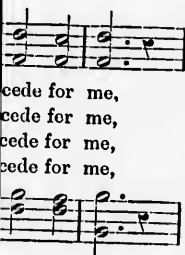
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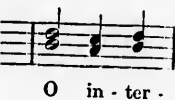
D. A. WHITE.



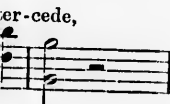
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ch sharpest be,



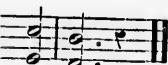
cede for me,
cede for me,
cede for me,
cede for me,



O in - ter -



er - cede,



le for me.



COWPER.

J. M. WHITE.

1. There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
2. The dy - ing thief rejoiced to see That fountain in his day;
3. Thou dy - ing Lamb, thy precious blood Shall nev - er lose its power,
4. E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream Thy flowing wounds supply,
5. Then in a no - bler, sweeter song, I'll sing thy power to save;

And sinners, plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilt - y stains.
And there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way.
Till all the ransomed Church of God Be saved to sin no more.
Redeem - ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die.
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue Lies si - lent in the grave.

CHORUS.

My guilt - - - y, guilty stains, the precious blood o'erflows,
My guilt - y stains the blood o'erflows, the precious, precious blood o'erflows,

And wash - es them a - way (a - way), My soul re - joic - ing

up - ward goes, To reach e - ter - nal day.

J. M. W.

J. M. WHYTE.

1. Come, sin - ner, be - hold what Je - sus has done,
 2. From heav - en he came — he loved you — he died:
 3. No pi - ty - ing eye — a sa - ving arm, none,
 4. They cru - ci - fied him, and yet he for - gave,
 5. So what will you do with Je - sus your King?

Be - hold how he suffered for thee: They cru - ci - fied him, -
 Such love as his nev - er was known; Be - hold on the cross
 He saw us and pit - ied us then; A - lone in the fight,
 "My Father, for - give them," he cried, What must he have borne,
 Say, how will you meet him at last? What plea in the day

God's in - no - cent Son, — For - sak - en, he died on the tree!
 your King cru - ci - fied, To make you an heir to his throne!
 the vict - 'ry he won; O praise him, ye child - ren of men.
 the sin - ner to save, When un - der the bur - den he died!
 of wrath will you bring, When of - fers of mer - cy are past?

CHORUS.

They cru - ci - fied him, yes, they

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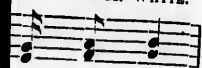
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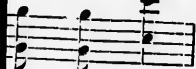
THEY CRUCIFIED HIM—Continued.

J. M. WHITE.



us has done,
you — he died:
ng arm, none,
he for - gave,
sus your King?

cru - ci - fied him, They nailed him to the tree, And so there he



died, A King cru - ci - fied, To save a poor sin - ner like me.

died, A King cru - ci - fied, To save a poor sin - ner like me.

ci - fied him,
d on the cross
e in the fight,
st he have borne,
a in the day



on the tree!
to his throne!
ren of men.
den he died!
cy are past?



they



36

*"He ever liveth to make intercession
for them."*

- 1 Arise, my sov', arise,
Shake off thy guilty fears;
The bleeding sacrifice
In my behalf appears;
Before the throne my surety stands;
My name is written on his hands.
- 2 He ever lives above,
For me to intercede,
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood, to plead;
His blood atoned for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.
- 3 Five bleeding wounds he bears,
Received on Calvary;
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly speak for me:
"Forgive him, O forgive," they cry,
"Nor let that ransomed sinner die!"
- 4 The Father hears him pray,
His dear anointed One;
He cannot turn away
The presence of his Son:
His spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.
- 5 My God is reconciled,
His pardoning voice I hear,
He owns me for his child,
I can no longer fear;
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And, "Father, Abba, Father," cry!

37

Invitation to sinners.

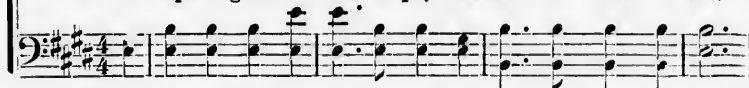
- 1 Come, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love, and power;
He is able,
He is willing; doubt no more.
- 2 Come, ye needy, come, and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief, and true repentance,
Every grace that brings us nigh,
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.
- 3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth,
Is to feel your need of him:
This he gives you;
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.
- 4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all;
Not the righteous,
Sinners, Jesus came to call.
- 5 Lo! the incarnate God, ascended,
Pleads the merit of his blood.
Venture on him, venture wholly,
Let no other trust intrude;
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

WATTS.

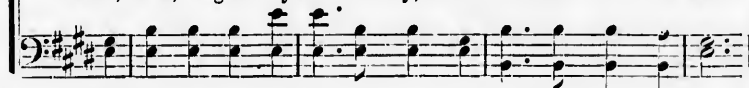
J. M. WHITE.



1. A - las! and did my Saviour bleed? And did my Sovereign die?
2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groaned up - on the tree?
3. Well might the sun in darkness hide, And shut his glo - ries in,
4. Thus might I hide my blushing face While his dear cross appears;
5. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe;



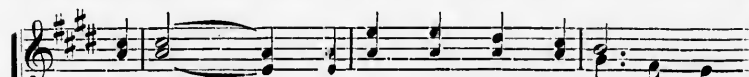
Would he de - vote that sac - red head For such a worm as I?
 A - maz - ing pi - ty! grace unknown, And love be - yond degree!
 When Christ, the mighty Mak - er, died For man, the creature's sin.
 Dis - solve my heart in thankful - ness And melt mine eyes to tears.
 Here, Lord, I give myself a - way, — 'Tis all that I can do.



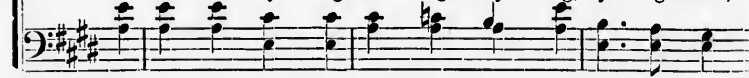
CHORUS.



O Lamb . . . of God, . . . by faith . . .
 O Lamb of God, Lamb of God, by faith by faith



I see . . . Thee bleed - ing, dy - ing there,
 I see thee dy - ing, bleed - ing, dy - ing, dy - ing there,



Up - on the cross, for me, for me, My load of sin to bear.



J. M. W.



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J. M. WYTHE.

39

COME TO JESUS.

J. M. W.

J. M. WYTHE.

my Sovereign die?
up - on the tree?
his glo - ries in,
near cross appears;
of love I owe;

1. From the dazzling seats of glo - ry, Came the Son of God to die;
2. I was weary — heavy laden; "Come to me," said he "and rest."
3. When I trusted, simply trusted, Thrilled to life my dy - ing soul;
4. Now he keeps me, ev - er keeps me, Close within his arms of love

a worm as I?
bé - yond degree!
no creature's sin.
me eyes to tears.
at I can do.

Free - ly gave himself a ransom, For a sin - ner such as I.
At his feet I laid my burden—Fell up - on my Saviour's breast.
Praise his name, I love to tell it; Je - sus Christ hath made me whole.
Sure the peace my Saviour gives me, Must be like to that a - bove.

faith
by faith

CHORUS.

Come to Je - sus, come to Je - sus, Wea - ry sin - ner, hear the call;

g there,
dy - ing there,

At the cross lay down thy burden, Let thy Saviour bear it all.

sin to bear.

T. N. TIPTON.

D. A. WHYTE.

1. I have a home in Father-land, Far, far be-yond the sea;
 2. I have dear ones in Father-land, Far, far be-yond the sea;
 3. My Fa-ther dwells in Father-land, Far, far be-yond the sea;

A mansion there doth Christ prepare, A par-a-dise for me;
 A bless-ed band on that fair strand, They wait, they watch for me;
 And at his gate his an-gels wait, They wait to welcome me;

O kingdom bright, O land of light, Where happy spir-its be;
 For-ev-er-more, on yonder shore, They dwell, O Lord, with thee;
 The glo-ri-fied with him a-bide, Oh! shining com-pan-ie;

There's rest, there's rest for souls opprest, There's rest e-ter-nal-ly.
 How sweet, how sweet, with them to meet, From care, from sorrow free.
 My home on high, there, there would I, With all the ransomed be.

CHO

41

1 Jesus,
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IN FATHERLAND—Continued.

D. A. WHITE.

CHORUS.

ar be - yond the sea;
ar be - yond the sea;
ar be - yond the sea;

In Fa - therland, in Fa - therland, Far, far be - yond the sea;

a - disc for me;
they watch for me;
to welcome me;

In Fa - therland, in Fa - therland, Far, far be - yond the sea.

41

Not ashamed of Jesus.

- 1 Jesus, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of thee!
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless
days!
- 2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star;
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.
- 3 Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon
Let midnight be ashamed of noon;
'Tis midnight with my soul till he,
Bright Morning Star, bid darkness flee.
- 4 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear Friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No; when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.
- 5 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away;
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.
- 6 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then, I boast a Saviour slain;
And Oh! may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me!

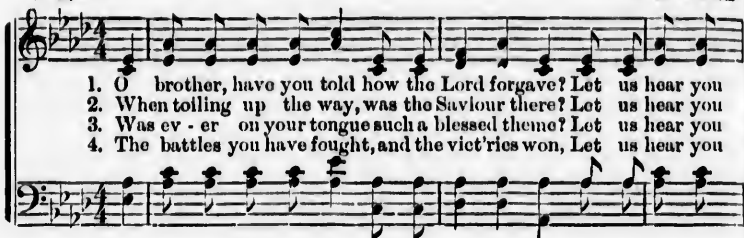
42

"Fight the good fight of faith."

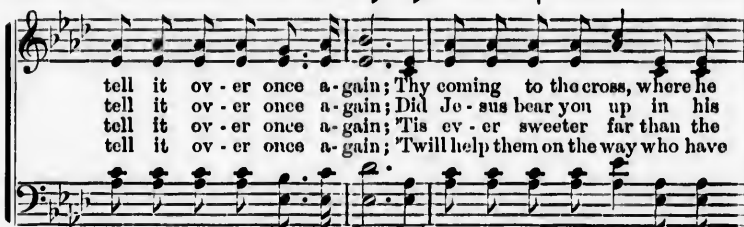
- 1 Am I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb,
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?
- 2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
Or sailed through bloody seas?
- 3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?
- 4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.
- 5 Thy saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer, though they die;
They see the triumph from afar,
By faith they bring it nigh.
- 6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

J. M. W.

J. M. WHITE



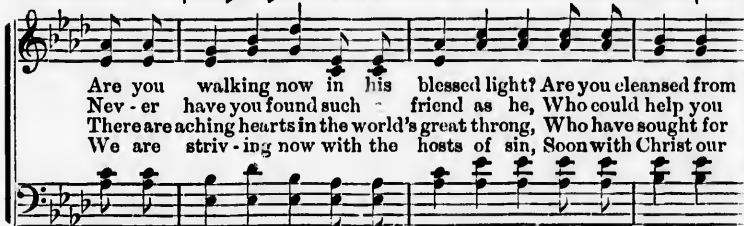
1. O brother, have you told how the Lord forgave? Let us hear you
 2. When tolling up the way, was the Saviour there? Let us hear you
 3. Was ev - er on your tongue such a blessed theme? Let us hear you
 4. The battles you have fought, and the vic'tries won, Let us hear you



tell it ov - er once a - gain; Thy coming to the cross, where he
 tell it ov - er once a - gain; Did Je - sus bear you up in his
 tell it ov - er once a - gain; 'Tis ev - er sweeter far than the
 tell it ov - er once a - gain; 'Twill help them on the way who have



died to save, Let us hear you tell it ov - er once a - gain.
 ten - der care? Let us hear you tell it ov - er once a - gain.
 sweetest dream, Let us hear you tell it ov - er once a - gain.
 just be - gun, Let us hear you tell it ov - er once a - gain.



Are you walking now in his blessed light? Are you cleansed from
 Nev - er have you found such - friend as he, Who could help you
 There are aching hearts in the world's great throng, Who have sought for
 We are striv - ing now with the hosts of sin, Soon with Christ our



ev - ry guilt - y stain? Is he your joy by day, and your
 'midst the toil and pain; O all the world should hear what he's
 rest, and all in vain; Hold Je - sus up to them by your
 Saviour we shall reign; Ye ransomed of the Lord, try a

L IT.

J. M. WHITE

LET US HEAR YOU TELL IT—Continued.

ve? Let us hear you
re? Let us hear you
ne? Let us hear you
on, Let us hear you

o the cross, where he
r you up in his
eeter far than the
on the way who have

r once a . gain.
r once a . gain.
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r once a . gain.

Are you cleansed from
Who could help you
Who have sought for
Soon with Christ our

y day, and your
ould hear what he's
o them by your
e Lord, try a

song by night? Let us hear you tell it ov - er once a - gain.
done for thee; Let us hear you tell it ov - er once a - gain.
word and song; Let us hear you tell it ov - er once a - gain.
soul to win; Let us hear you tell it ov - er once a - gain.

CHORUS.

Let us hear you tell it ov - er,
Let us hear you tell it ov - er once a - gain,

tell it ov - - - er once a - gain,
tell it ov - er, tell it ov - er once a - gain,

Tell the sweet and blessed sto - ry, It will help you on to

glo - ry, Let us hear you tell it ov - er once a - gain.

T. N. TIPTON.

D. A. WHYTE.

1. They have laid down their burdens, the loved of the Lord, They a -
 2. There they hunger no more, there they thirst not a - gain, All the
 3. Ah! how oft did they faint, with their journey opprest, As they
 4. Now their eyes look no long - er on suffering and woe, There the
 5. Oh! dear land of the blest, there, for you and for me, Doth the

bide in yon pal - a - ces fair; All their labours are
 joys of the bles - sed they share; Once they tasted, like
 travelled this val - ley of care; Ah! how oft did they
 temp - ter ne'er spreadeth his snare; Tears and toil were their
 Sa - viour a man - sion pre - pare; There the ones gone be -

end - ed, they have their reward, And they nev - er are wea - ry there.
 us, of af - flic - tion and pain, But they nev - er are wea - ry there.
 sigh for re - pose and for rest, But they nev - er are wea - ry there.
 por - tion when walking be - low, But they nev - er are wea - ry there.
 fore us a - gain shall we see, And we'll nev - er be wea - ry there.

CHORUS.

In the halls of the King they are bearing the palm, The whiterobe of the

ranso

God

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THERE.

THEY NEVER ARE WEARY THERE—Continued.

D. A. WHITE.

the Lord, They a -
gain, All the
oppress, As they
and woe, There the
for me, Doth the

ransomed they wear; . . . They dwell in the presence of
God and the Lamb, And they nev - er are wea - ry there.

their labours are
e they tasted, like
how oft did they
s and toil were their
re the ones gone be -

wea - ry there.
wea - ry there.
wea - ry there.
wea - ry there.
wea - ry there.

The whiterobe of the

45

"Unto you, O men, I call."

- 1 God calling yet! shall I not hear?
Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?
Shall life's swift-passing years all fly,
And still my soul in slumber lie?
- 2 God calling yet! shall I not rise?
Can I his loving voice despise,
And basely his kind care repay?
He calls me still; can I delay?
- 3 God calling yet! and shall he knock,
And I my heart the closer lock?
He still is waiting to receive,
And shall I dare his Spirit grieve?
- 4 God calling yet! and shall I give
No heed, but still in bondage live?
I wait, but he does not forsake;
He calls me still; my heart, awake!
- 5 God calling yet! I cannot stay;
My heart I yield without delay:
Vain world, farewell, from thee I part;
The voice of God has reached my heart.

46

"Create in me a clean heart, O God."

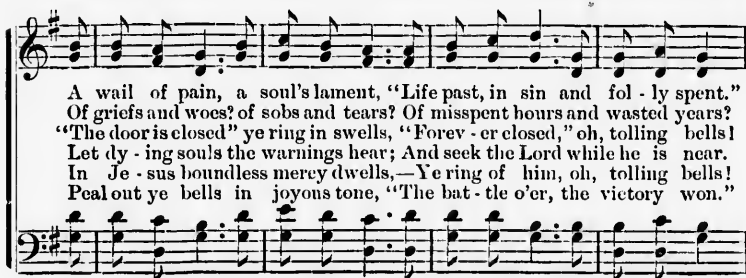
- 1 O for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free!
A heart that always feels thy blood
So freely spilt for me!
- 2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne,
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone:
- 3 A humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean;
Which neither life nor death can part
From him that dwells within:
- 4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine!
- 5 Thy tender heart is still the same,
And melts at human woe:
Jesus, for thee distressed I am,
I want thy love to know.
- 6 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart
Come quickly from above;
Write thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new, best name of love.

J. M. W.

J. M. WHITE.



1. Oh, toll-ing bells! oh, tolling bells! Deep, deep within your tones therewells
 2. When ringing out a soul's farewell, Oh, tolling bells! what do ye tell?
 3. I seem to hear despair-ing moans, A weeping, weeping in your tones;
 4. In warn-ing tones, in solemn knells, Ring out, ring out, oh, tolling bells!
 5. Have ye no joy-ons notes to ring, Oh, tolling bells! for me to sing?
 6. And when I die, oh, tolling bells! Ring out "I've gone where Jesus dwells,"

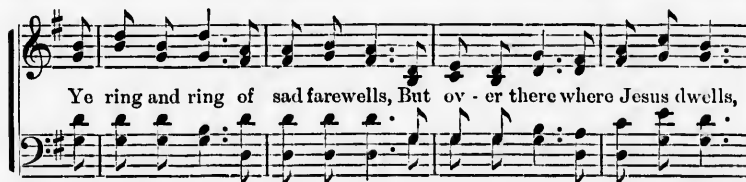


A wail of pain, a soul's lament, "Life past, in sin and fol-ly spent."
 Of griefs and woes? of sobs and tears? Of misspent hours and wasted years?
 "The door is closed" ye ring in swells, "Forev-er closed," oh, tolling bells!
 Let dy-ing souls the warnings hear; And seek the Lord while he is near.
 In Je-sus boundless mercy dwells,—Ye ring of him, oh, tolling bells!
 Peal out ye bells in joyous tone, "The bat-tle o'er, the victory won."


CHORUS.



Oh, toll - ing bells! Oh, toll - ing bells!
 Oh, toll - ing, toll - ing bells! Oh, toll - ing, toll - ing bells!



Ye ring and ring of sad farewells, But ov-er there where Jesus dwells,



We'll hear the chime of heaven's bells, "No more farewells," oh, tolling bells.

J. M. WHITE.

your tones there wells
what do ye tell?
leeping in your tones;
ut, oh, tolling bells!
ls! for me to sing?
newhere Jesus dwells,"

and fol - ly spent."
s and wasted years?
"oh, tolling bells!
while he is near,
oh, tolling bells!
the victory won."

bells!
ing bells!

here Jesus dwells,

oh, tolling bells.

J. M. W.

1. We are on the way to Glo - ry, And we see the light of day
2. When the Lord of Light and Glo - ry Found us in our sin and shame,
3. Though we often grow a - wea - ry, Yet our Saviour knoweth best,
4. Looking up to him who loved us, Trusting in redeem - ing grace,

Breaking thro' the gloomy darkness, And the shadows flee a - way.
With his lov - ing touch he healed us, Hal - le - lu - jah to his name.
In the blessed land of promise, He will give the wea - ry rest.
We shall reach the land of Glo - ry, We shall see our Saviour's face.

CHORUS.

Going, singing, hal - lo - lu - jah to the Lamb, (hal - le - lu - jah), Going, singing,

hal - le - lu - jah to the Lamb, (hal - le - lu - jah), Go - ing, sing - ing, we are
Going, going, singing, singing,

go - ing up to heaven, singing, hal - le - lu - jah to the Lamb.

J. M. WHITE.

49 BEHOLD, THE BRIDEGROOM COMES!

J. M. W.

J. M. WHITE.

1. We shall hear a voice, an im-mortal voice, "Behold, the Bridegroom
 2. When the voice shall cry, "Go ye forth to-night, Behold, the Bridegroom
 3. Brother, trim your lamp, have it burning bright, "Behold, the Bridegroom
 4. Hast thou made a vow? hasten ye to pay, "Behold, the Bridegroom

comes!" At the mid-night watch, in the darkness deep,
 comes!" Then the pulse will cease, and the heart grow still,
 comes!" He will sure-ly come, though he seem-eth late,
 comes!" For when he has come, and hath closed the door,

When a-cross our souls hea-vy slum-bers creep, We shall
 And the eyes will close, and the blood grow chill, And the
 Be at peace with him, nor a mom-ent wait, You will
 And ye stand and pray, "O-pen, we im-plore," It will

hear that voice, that im-mortal voice, "Behold, the Bridegroom comes!"
 soul will take its e-ter-nal flight, "For lo, the Bridegroom comes!"
 hear the cry ere the morning light, "Behold, the Bridegroom comes!"
 be too late,—pay thy vows to-day, "Behold, the Bridegroom comes!"

COMES!

J. M. WHITE.

BEHOLD, THE BRIDEGROOM COMES!—Continued.

CHORUS.

Behold, the Bridegroom
Behold, the Bridegroom
Behold, the Bridegroom
Behold, the Bridegroom

O be read - y when the Bridegroom comes! O be rea - dy when the

darkness deep,
heart grow still,
seem - eth late,
closed the door,

Bridegroom comes! At the noontide, in the evening, At the
He comes, He comes, He

rs creep, We shall
ow chill, And the
at wait, You will
n-ple." It will

mid-night, in the morn - - - ing, O be rea - dy,
comes, in the morning, O be rea - dy, he

idegroom comes!"
idegroom comes!"
idegroom comes!"
idegroom comes!"

O be rea - dy, O be rea - dy when the Bridegroom comes!
comes, he comes, be rea - dy when the Bridegroom comes!

H. W. ONDERDONK.

GEO. H. RIDER.

1. The Spir - it in our hearts Is whisp'ring, "sinner, come;" The
 2. Let him that hear - eth say To all a - bout him, "come;" Let
 3. Yea, who - so - ev - er will, O, let him free - ly come; And

bride, the Church of Christ, proclaims To all his children, "come;"
 him that thirsts for righteousness, To Christ, the fountain, come!
 free - ly drink the stream of life, Tis Je - sus bids him come.

CHORUS.

Come to Je - sus now, Come to Je - sus now,

Come to Je - sus now, Come to Je - sus now;

Come to Je - sus now, He is call - ing you.

By permission.

J. E.

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3.

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By

51 YESTERDAY, TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

GEO. H. RIDER.

J. E. L.

REV. J. E. LANCELEY.

"sinner, come;" The
out him, "come;" Let
free - ly come; And

ldren, "come;"
untain, come!
s him come.

1. Yesterday I wander'd in the paths of sin, Danger all around me,
2. To-day I'm standing asking, oh, what shall I do? Sorrow overwhelms me,
3. To-morrow I'm dreading, for my foes will assail, E - vil passions in me,

Death straight before me; Yesterday the world crazed my soul with its din,—
Cal - vary constrains me; To-day I'm halting here with forgiveness in view,
Temp - ters all about me; To-morrow I'm sure all my own strength will fail,

CHORUS.

Mercy sings her sweet notes in vain.
Mercy sings her sweet notes again. Oh! hear her calling, O-ver and o-ver,
Mercy thou altnot sing in vain.

Oh! hear her calling, Lis - ten! be still! I can-not bear to re -

sist a - ny longer, Speak once a - gain and I'll hearken,— I will.

By permission.

CROWNED WITH THORNS.

BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX.

J. M. WHITE.

1. O Sa - cred Head, now wounded, With shame and grief weighed down,
 2. What thou, my Lord, hast suffered, Was all for sin - ners' gain,
 3. What language shall I bor - row, To thank thee, dear - est Friend,
 4. Be near me when I'm dy - ing, O show thy cross to me,

Now scorn - ful - ly sur - round - ed With thorns, thine on - ly crown;
 Mine, mine, was the transgression, But thine tho dead - ly pain;
 For this, thy dy - ing sor - row, Thy pi - ty with - out end?
 And, to my res - cue fly - ing, Come, Lord, and set me free;

O Sa - cred Head, what glo - ry, What bliss till now was thine!
 Lo, here I fall, my Saviour! 'Tis I de - serve thy place;
 O make me thine for - ev - er, And should I fainting be,
 These eyes, new faith re - ceiv - ing, From Je - sus shall not move,

Yet, though despised and go - - ry, I joy to call thee mine.
 Look on me with thy fa - vour, Vouchsafe to me thy grace.
 Lord, let me nev - er, nev - er, Out - live my love to thee.
 For he who dies be - liev - ing, Dies safely, through thy love.

NS.

J. M. WHITE.

CROWNED WITH THORNS—Continued.

CHORUS.

grief weighed down,
or sin - ners' gain,
see, dear - est Friend,
thy cross to me,

O make me thine for - ev - er, And should I faint - ing be,

me on - ly crown;
dead - ly pain;
with - out end?
set me free;

Lord, let me nev - er, nev - - er, Outlive my love to thee;

ow was thine!
ve thy place;
ainting be,
all not move,

Be near me when I'm dy - ing, O show thy cross to me,
Be near Je - sus

all thee mine.
me thy grace.
ve to thee.
ugh thy love.

And to my res - cno fly - ing, Come, Lord, and set me free.

R. TORBEY.

GEO. H. RIDER.

1. I'll sing of that stream, of that beau - ti - ful stream, That
 2. I'll sing of that stream, of that beau - ti - ful stream, Which
 3. I'll sing of that stream, of that beau - ti - ful stream, That
 4. I'll sing of that stream, of that beau - ti - ful stream, That

flows thro' the sweet Ca - man land, Its waters gleam bright in their
 glad - dens the ci - ty of God; It flows from the throne of the
 fount, God has o - pen'd for sin, That stream from his side, who for
 fount that is flow - ing so free; I'll sing of that flood, which is

heav - en - ly light, And rip - ple o'er sil - ver - y sands.
 Fa - ther, a - lone; And spreads its sweet wa - ters a - broad.
 sin - ners once died; He's healed, who but plunges with in.
 crimsoned with blood, From sin that has cleansed ev - en me.

CHORUS.

Go wash in that beau - ti - ful stream, Go
 Beaut - ti - ful stream,

By permission.

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BEAUTIFUL STREAM—Continued.

GEO. H. RIDER.

ti - ful stream, That
ti - ful stream, Which
ti - ful stream, That
ti - ful stream, That

wash in that beau-ti - ful stream, . . . Its wa - ters so free, are
beau-ti - ful stream;

rs gleam bright in their
rom the throne of the
m from his side, who for
of that flood, which is

flowing for thee: Go wash in that beau-ti - ful stream. . . .
beau-ti - ful stream.

r - y sands.
s a - broad.
with - in.
- en me.

54

The highway of holiness.

- 1 Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone,
He whom I fix my hopes upon;
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way, till him I view.
- 2 The way the holy prophets went,
The road that leads from banishment,
The King's highway of holiness,
I'll go, for all his paths are peace.
- 3 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourned because I found it not;
My grief a burden long has been,
Because I was not saved from sin.
- 4 The more I strove against its power,
I felt its weight and guilt the more;
Till late I heard my Saviour say,
"Come hither, soul I am the way."
- 5 Lo! glad I come; and thou, blest Lamb,
Shalt take me to thee, as I am;
Nothing but sin have I to give;
Nothing but love shall I receive.
- 6 Then will I tell to sinners round,
What a dear Saviour I have found;
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say, "Behold the way to God."

55

Grateful praise.

- 1 We bring no glittering treasures,
No gems from earth's deep mine;
We come with simple measures,
To chant thy love divine,
Children, thy favour sharing,
Their voice of thanks would raise;
Father, accept our offering,
Our song of grateful praise.
- 2 The dearest gift of heaven,
Love's written word of truth,
To us is early given,
To guide our steps in youth;
We hear the wondrous story,
The tale of Calvary;
We read of homes in glory,
From sin and sorrow free.
- 3 Redeemer, grant thy blessing!
O teach us how to pray,
That each, thy fear possessing,
May tread life's onward way;
Then, where the pure are dwelling
We hope to meet again,
And, sweeter numbers swelling,
Forever praise thy name.

ful stream,
Go

T. N. TIPTON.

D. A. WHITE.

1. "Wea-ry ones," a voice is calling, "Come, oh come to me;"
 2. See, the temp-ter's halls are lighted! 'Tis to lead a-stray;
 3. By the mys-tic clouds of sorrow, Now he draws my heart;

Hea-vy la-den, faint-ing, dy-ing; Thi-ther let me flee.
 'Tis to lure some soul, be-night-ed, Far from Christ a-way.
 Whispers, "In that hap-py mor-row, Friends no more shall part."

Per-ish-ing, there's no one nigh me, Can my pains al-lay;
 Bright they gleam, 'tis to de-ceive me, Then to death be-tray;
 He would bring me, he would lead me, To that per-fect day;

He can heal me, sat-is-fy me, Yet I've said him, "nay."
 Christ would nev-er, nev-er leave me, Yet I've said him, "nay."
 There from liv-ing pas-tures feed me, Yet I've said him, "nay."

REV. JO

D. A. WHYER.

REV. JOHN WESLEY.

REV. J. E. LANGREY.

oh come to me;"
 do lead a - stray;
 he draws my heart;

1. Let him to whom we now belong, His sovereign right assert,
2. He just - ly claims us for his own, Who bought us with a price;
3. Our souls and bod - ies we re - sign; With joy we render thee

ther let me flee.
 om Christ a - way.
 no more shall part."

And take up ev - 'ry thankful song, And ev - 'ry loving heart.
 The Christian lives to Christ a - lone, To Christ a - lone he dies!
 Our all, no long - er ours, but thine, To all e - ter - ni - ty.

CHORUS.

ny pains al - lay;
 o death be - tray;
 at per - fect day;

Thine will I be, O Saviour dear, Thy love my hearthath won,

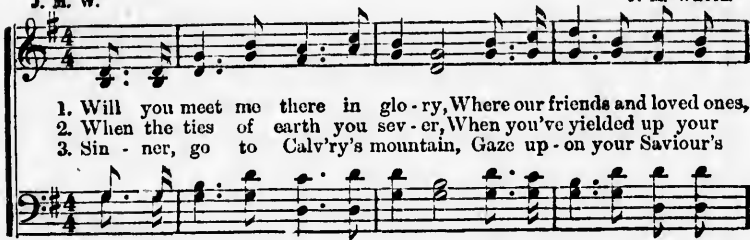
said him, "nay."
 said him, "nay."
 said him, "nay."

Thine will I be now! ev - er - more! O Lord, thy will be done.

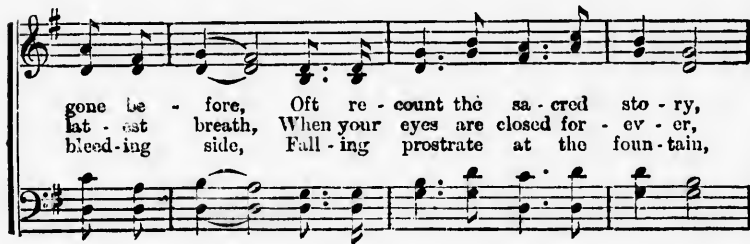
WILL YOU MEET ME?

J. M. W.

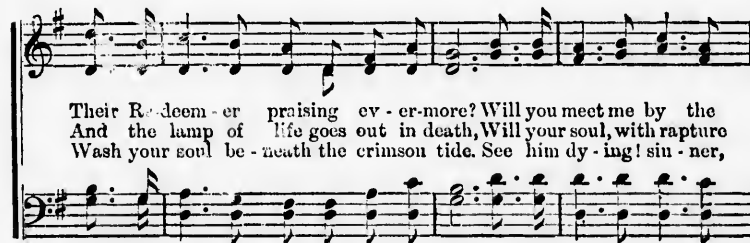
J. M. WHITE



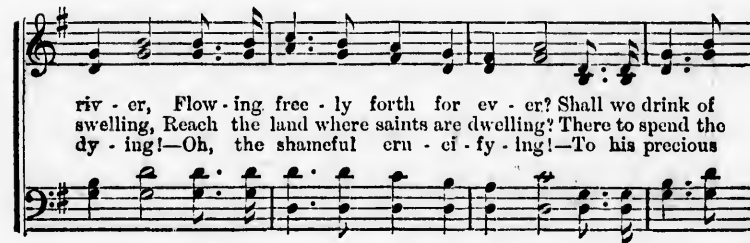
1. Will you meet me there in glo - ry, Where our friends and loved ones,
 2. When the ties of earth you sev - er, When you've yielded up your
 3. Sin - ner, go to Calv'ry's mountain, Gaze up - on your Saviour's



gone be - fore, Oft re - count the sa - cred sto - ry,
 lat - est breath, When your eyes are closed for - ev - er,
 bleed - ing side, Fall - ing prostrate at the foun - tain,



Their Re - deem - er praising ev - er - more? Will you meet me by the
 And the lamp of life goes out in death, Will your soul, with rapture
 Wash your soul be - neath the crimson tide. See him dy - ing! sin - ner,



riv - er, Flow - ing free - ly forth for ev - er? Shall we drink of
 swelling, Reach the land where saints are dwelling? There to spend the
 dy - ing!—Oh, the shameful cru - ci - fy - ing!—To his precious

WILL YOU MEET ME?—Continued.

J. M. WHITE

it to - geth - er? Will you join me on that hap - py shore?
 a - ges tell - ing, How the Saviour ransomed you from death.
 bo - som fly - ing, There for - ev - er in his love a - bide.

CHORUS.

Will you meet me there, will you meet me there? Will you
 Will you meet me, meet me, will you meet me there? Will you

meet me there to join the an - gel band?
 meet me there to join the an - gel band?

Will you meet me there, in the joy to share?
 Will you meet me, meet me, in the joy to share?

Will you meet me in that hap - py glo - ry - land?

and loved ones,
 ed up your
 ur Saviour's

sto - ry,
 ev - er,
 foun - tain,

me by the
 with rapture
 g! sin - ner,

drink of
 spend the
 precious

T. N. TIPTON.

D. A. WHITE.

1. How calm this gol - den death of day! Now, far-off things seem near
 2. My feet yon bliss-ful fields would press; I long to flee from sin;
 3. Oh, wondrous change! that cross doth seem A glorious face to wear;

Oh, hark! a voice saith "Come away, Why wilt thou lin-ger here?"
 I thirst for per-fect ho-li-ness; I would be pure within.
 A light di-vine doth o'er it gleam, A dove doth hov-er there;

Fain would I fly each earth-ly care, Fain would I heed that call
 When shall I reach those re-gions fair? You clear, yon cloudless skies
 Be-gone, ye doubts, dis-solve in air; Each fear I cast a-side;

But deep the sha-dow of a cross Doth on my pathway fall;
 The aw-ful sha-dow of a cross Up-on my pathway lies;
 What! shall that sha-dow of a cross My soul from Christ divide?

A cross, a frowning cross stands there, Like spectre dark and tall.
 A cross, a blood-stained cross is there; I turn a-way mine eyes.
 The cross, the beacon cross, stands there, The pilgrim's steps to guide.

REV. J. H.

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D. A. WHITE.

REV. J. HART.

J. M. WHITE.

1. Come, ye sinners, poor and needy, Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
 2. Let not conscience make you linger, Nor of fit-ness fondly dream;
 3. Come, ye wea-ry, heavy-laden, Bruised and mangled by the fall;
 4. Ag-o-niz-ing in the garden, See your Saviour prostrate lie

Je-sus ready stands to save you, Full of pit-y, love, and power.
 All the fit-ness he re-quir-eth Is to feel your need of him.
 If you tar-ry till you're bet-ter, You will nev-er come at all.
 On the bloody tree behold him Bow his sacred head and die.

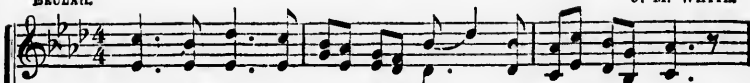
CHORUS.

Come to Je-sus, come, now; Come to Je-sus, come, now;
 Come, come, come to Je-sus; Come, come, come to Je-sus;


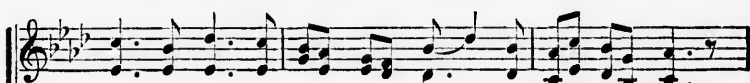
Come to Je-sus now, sin-ner; Come to Je-sus now.

BEULAH.


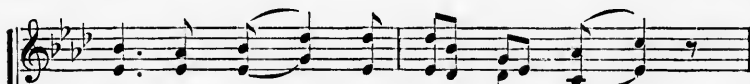
J. M. WHITE.



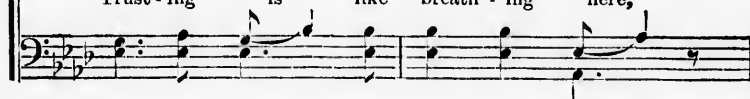

1. God has giv - en me a song, a song of trust,
 2. O, I sing it on the moun - tain, in the light,
 3. O, I sing it in the val - ley dark and low,
 4. When I sing it in the des - ert parch'd and dry,
 5. For I've cross'd the riv - er Jor - dan, and I stand,

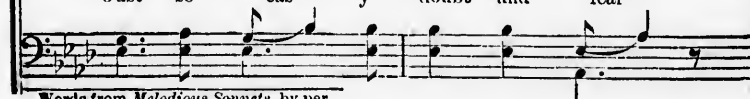
And I sing it all day long, for sing I must,
 Where the ra - dian - ce of God's sun - shine makes all bright -
 When my heart is crushed with sor - row, pain and woe,
 Liv - ing streams be - gin to flow a rich sup - ply,
 In the bless - ed land of prom - ise, Beu - lah Land.

Ev - 'ry hour it sweet - er grows,
 All my path seems bright and clear,
 Then the sha - dows flee a - way,
 Ver - dure in a - bun - dance grows,
 Trust - ing is like breath - ing here,

Keeps my soul in blest re - pose,
 Heav - 'nly land seems ver - y near,
 Like the night when dawns the day,
 Des - erts blos - som like the rose,
 Just so eas - y - doubt and fear


Words from *Melodious Sonnets*, by per.

A SONG OF TRUST—Continued.

J. M. WHITE.

Just how rest-ful no one knows but those who trust, but those who trust.
 And I al-most do ap-pear to walk by sight, to walk by sight.
 Trust in God brings light al-way,—I find it so, I find it so.
 And my heart with gladness glows at God's re-ply, at God's re-ply.
 Van-ish in this atmosphere, and life is grand, and life is grand.

CHORUS.

I sing a song, a song, a song, a song of trust,
 a song of trust, of trust, of trust, song of trust,

For sing I must, And soon I'll stand At thy

right hand, My Sa - viour dear, my ran - som price,

And sing the song of Par - a - dise.
 The song of Par - a - dise.

Miss L. P. HIGGINS.

GEO. H. RYDER.

1. Hear the new song, ring - ing O - ver land and sea;
 2. Tem - prance ban - ners, wav - ing, See her ar - mies fair;
 3. See the tempt - er dy - ing, Naught can save him now;
 4. On the breez - es swell - ing, Come the strains a - far;
 5. Ev - er draw - ing near - er, Hear the glad new song;

To the wretch - ed bring - ing Hope and vic - to - ry.
 Un - told mil - lions sav - ing From the tempter's snare.
 In the dust low ly - ing, Who to him will bow?
 To the glad earth tell - ing His long reign is o'er.
 Ev - er sweet - er, clear - er Hills and vales a - mong;

Ring - ing, sing - ing, bring - ing vic - try O - ver land and sea.
 Wav - ing, sav - ing, erav - ing vic - try, See her armies fair.
 Ly - ing, dy - ing, sigh - ing vic - try, Naught can save him now.
 Swell - ing, dwelling, tell - ing vic - try, Come the strains a - far.
 Near - er, clear - er, dear - er, vic - try, Hear the glad new song.

Ring - ing, sing - ing, bring - ing vic - try O - ver land and sea.
 Ring - ing, sing - ing, bring - ing vic - try O - ver land and sea.
 Wav - ing, sav - ing, erav - ing vic - try O - ver land and sea.
 Ly - ing, dy - ing, sigh - ing vic - try O - ver land and sea.
 Near - er, clear - er, dear - er vic - try O - ver land and sea.

By permission.

J. M. W.

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 3. I
 4. 'Tis
 5. What

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CHORUS

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HE CAME TO DIE FOR ME.

J. M. W.

J. M. WYTH.

1. From realms of glo - ry Je - sus came, He came to die for me;
 2. To ran - som me, condemned and lost, He came to die for me;
 3. I love to speak of his dear name, He came to die for me;
 4. 'Tis all of grace, no price I bring, He came to die for me;
 5. What joy 'twill be to see his face, He came to die for me;

To save my soul from sin and shame, He came to die for me.
 His pre - cious blood my ran - som cost, He came to die for me.
 It sets my spi - rit all a - flame, He came to die for me.
 He is my all, to him I cling, He came to die for me.
 And sing in heav'n of his free grace, He came to die for me.

CHORUS.

Free grace to you, free grace to me, Je - sus came from heav'n to bring

free grace to you and me: Free grace to you, free grace to me,

Je - sus came from heav'n to bring free grace to you and me.

D. A. W.

D. A. Weyne.

1. My Je - sus is will - ing to save you just now; Je - sus is
 2. You've heard the sweet message for man - y a day; Je - sus is
 3. Your heart has been touched by his Spir - it so long; Je - sus is

will - ing to save; O, turn from your sins and to Je - sus bow;
 will - ing to save; You promised to seek him with - out de - lay;
 will - ing to save; His word it has en - tered thy heart in song;

Je - sus is will - ing to save. O will you not lis - ten un -
 Je - sus is will - ing to save. O come to him quick - ly, his
 Je - sus is will - ing to save. O heed his sweet pleading and

to his sweet voice; Je - sus is will - ing to save; And this ver - y
 mer - cy is free; Je - sus is will - ing to save; O, take the for -
 make him your friend; Je - sus is will - ing to save; And he will be

mo - ment take him as your choice? Je - sus is will - ing to save.
 give - ness he of - fers to thee; Je - sus is will - ing to save.
 with you through all to the end; Je - sus is will - ing to save.

CHOR

My

Will

save

- 1 My God
The l
The glo
And
- 2 In dark
My o
Thou a
And
- 3 The op
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If Jesu
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- 4 My so
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Run u
To
- 5 Fearl
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Wo

JESUS IS WILLING TO SAVE—Continued.

D. A. WEYER.

CHORUS.

My Je - sus is will - ing to save you just now,

Will - ing to save you now (just now); My Je - sus is will - ing to

save you just now, Will - ing to save you now (just now).

65

The joy of God's presence.

- 1 My God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights!
- 2 In darkest shades, if thou appear,
My dawning is begun;
Thou art my soul's bright morningstar,
And thou my rising sun.
- 3 The opening heavens around me shine,
With beams of sacred bliss,
If Jesus shows his mercy mine,
And whispers I am his.
- 4 My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word;
Run up with joy the shining way,
To see and praise my Lord.
- 5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I'd break through every foe;
The wings of love, and arms of faith,
Would bear me conqueror through.

66

Renewal of self-dedication.

- 1 O happy day that fixed my choice
On thee, my Saviour and my God;
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.
- 2 O happy bond, that seals my vows
To him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.
- 3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done,
I am my Lord's and he is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.
- 4 Now rest my long-divided heart;
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
With him of every good possess.
- 5 High Heaven, that heard the solemn
vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear

MRS. P. L. HANEY.

J. M. WHITE.

1. Lis - ten, O lis - ten, I've something to say; Something to gladden your
 2. Waft it abroad on the wings of the breeze; Murmur it, murmur it,
 3. Car - ry it, car - ry it, Spi - rit of Love, Up to the beautiful
 4. Glo - ry to God for the gift of his Son; Glo - ry to Je - sus for

hearts by the way; Once I was sor - row - ful, now I am free;
 ov - er the seas; Where'er the tried and the wea - ry may be;
 tem - ple a - bove; There, 'mid the songs of the ransomed and free;
 what he has done; Died for my sins, Hal - le - lu - jah, I'm free!

Now I love Je - sus, and Je - sus loves me.
 Tell them, O tell them, that Je - sus loves me.
 Whis - per it, whis - per it, Je - sus loves me.
 Now I love Je - sus, and Je - sus loves me.

CHORUS.

Whis - - - per it, whisper it, an - gels a - bove . . .
 Whisper it, whisper it, whisper it, bright angels a - bove;

Mur - - - mur it, murmur it, Spi - rit of Love
 Murmur it, murmur it, murmur it, sweet Spi - rit of Love;

68

- 1 Lord, I
 To a
 A rest
 And
 2 A rest
 Is fi
 Wher
 Cas
 3 O tha
 Bel
 Now
 An
 4 Rem
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69

JESUS LOVES ME—Continued.

J. M. WHITE.

Tell . . . of it, sing . . . of it, now . . . I
Tell of it, tell of it, Sing of it, sing of it, now I am free;

am free . . . Now I love Je - sus, and Je - sus loves me.
Now I am free,

68

The rest of faith.

- 1 Lord, I believe a rest remains,
To all thy people known;
A rest where pure enjoyment reigns,
And thou art loved alone:
- 2 A rest where all our soul's desire
Is fixed on things above;
Where fear and sin and grief expire,
Cast out by perfect love.
- 3 O that I now the rest might know,
Believe, and enter in!
Now, Saviour, now the power bestow,
And let me cease from sin.
- 4 Remove this hardness from my heart,
This unbelief remove;
To me the rest of faith impart,
The Sabbath of thy love.

- 2 Though, like the wanderer,
Daylight all gone,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet, in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

- 3 There let the way appear
Steps up to heaven;
All that thou sendest me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

- 4 Then, with my waking thoughts,
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs,
Bethel I'd raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

69

Aspirations after nearness to God.

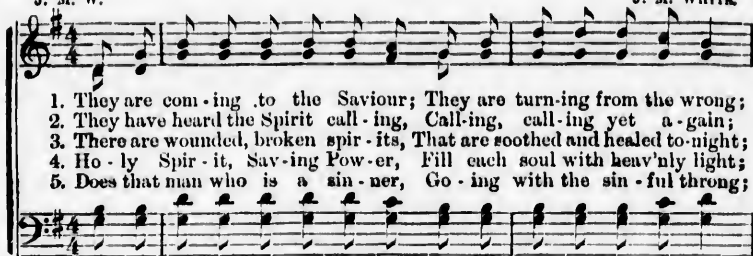
- 1 Nearer my God to thee,
Nearer to thee;
Even though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

- 5 And when on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

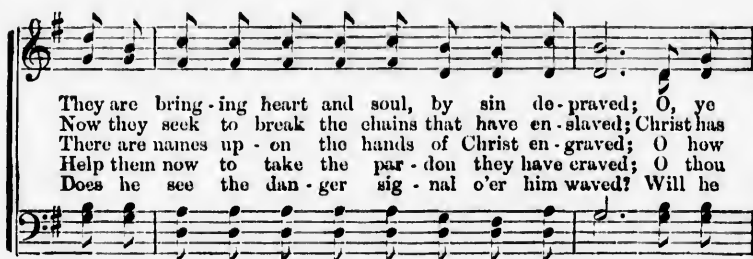
THEY ARE COMING HOME.

J. M. W.

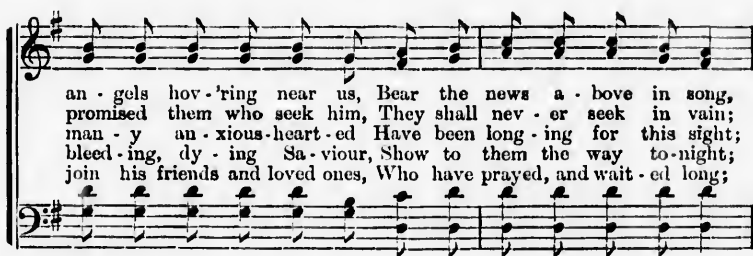
J. M. WITTE.



1. They are com - ing to the Saviour; They are turn - ing from the wrong;
 2. They have heard the Spirit call - ing, Call - ing, call - ing yet a - gain;
 3. There are wounded, broken spir - its, That are soothed and healed to - night;
 4. Ho - ly Spir - it, Sav - ing Pow - er, Fill each soul with heav'nly light;
 5. Does that man who is a sin - ner, Go - ing with the sin - ful throng;



They are bring - ing heart and soul, by sin de - praved; O, ye
 Now they seek to break the chains that have en - slaved; Christ has
 There are names up - on the hands of Christ en - graved; O how
 Help them now to take the par - don they have craved; O thou
 Does he see the dan - ger sig - nal o'er him waved? Will he

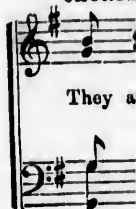


an - gels hov - ring near us, Bear the news a - bove in song,
 promised them who seek him, They shall nev - er seek in vain;
 man - y an - xious - heart - ed Have been long - ing for this sight;
 bleed - ing, dy - ing Sa - viour, Show to them the way to - night;
 join his friends and loved ones, Who have prayed, and wait - ed long;

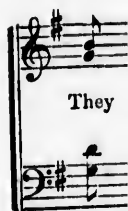


They are com - ing home to Je - sus to be saved.
 They are com - ing home to Je - sus to be saved.
 Loved ones com - ing home to Je - sus to be saved.
 They are com - ing home to Je - sus to be saved.
 For his com - ing home to Je - sus to be saved.


CHORUS



They a



They



They



home
com

THEY ARE COMING HOME—Continued.

J. M. WITTE.

the wrong;
a - gain;
led to - night;
av'nly light;
- ful throng;

O, yo
Christ has
O how
O thou
Will ho

in song,
in vain;
this sight;
to - night;
- ed long;

e saved.
e saved.
e saved.
e saved.
e saved.

CHORUS.

They are com - ing home to Je - sus to be saved, to be saved;

They are com - ing home to Je - sus to be saved, to be saved;

They are com - ing home, They are com - ing
Com - ing, com - ing, com - ing, com - ing, com - ing,

home, com - ing, They are com - ing home to Je - sus to be saved.

THE KING'S HIGHWAY.

REV. B. F. AUSTIN, B.A., B.D.

J. M. WHITE.

1. I've reached the land of Beu-lah, up-on the King's Highway;
 2. Here peace flows like a riv-er, a-bounding more and more;
 3. Be-girt with Christian ar-mor, a pan-o-ply of God;
 4. Stands you-der, on this highway, the ci-t-y of the King,

To my soul this land is most di-vine-ly fair;
 Hope sings sweet-ly to my heart of days to come,
 With the shield of faith, and Spi-rit's sword in hand,
 All re-splen-dent with the glo-ry of the Lamb;

The sun is ev-er shin-ing, and birds sing all the day,
 And, like a springing fountain, my joy is run-ning o'er,
 I march a-long this high-way, by saints and mar-tyrs trod,
 I see the pearl gates o-pen, I hear the an-gels sing,

And the fra-grance of sweet flow-ers fills the air.
 For each day I know I'm near-er to my home.
 And bo-fore the face of foes un-daunt-ed stand.
 And I know there waits for me the crown and palm.

THE KING'S HIGHWAY—Continued.

J. M. WHITE.

g's Highway;
re and more;
y of God;
the King,

ly fair;
to come,
in hand,
the Lamb;

the day,
ning o'er,
-tyrs trod,
gels sing,

the air.
my home.
od stand.
and palm.

Here an - gels walk be - side me, and cheer me on the road,
Be - neath Christ's lov - ing ban - ner, a roy - al feast is spread,
With Je - sus for my Cap - tain, what en - e - mies can harm?
O pros - pect most trans - port - ing! O bliss - al - most di - vine!

Chorus.—Here an - gels walk be - side me, and cheer me on the road,

The Sa - viour shows his smil - ing face to me,
I sit in heav - en - ly pla - ces with my King,
His per - fect love has res - cued me from fear;
My Sa - viour bids me sit up - on his throne;

The Sa - viour shows his smil - ing face to - me,

I see the ho - ly cit - y, the saint's di - vine a - bode,
I taste the hid - den man - na, to liv - ing foun - tains led,
I dread not men or dev - ils, I trust his might - y arm;
All things in earth and hea - ven are made for - ev - er mine,

I see the ho - ly cit - y, the saint's di - vine a - bode,

And I hear the strains of heav - en - ly har - mo - ny,
And the praise of my Re - deem - er shout and sing.
And in ev - 'ry hour of dan - ger he is near.
And my name he has in - scribed on the whitestone.

And I, hear the strains of heav - en - ly har - mo - ny.

Mrs. P. L. HANEY.

J. M. WHITE.

1. The pre-cious blood of Je - sus, it cleans-eth me from sin;
 2. He car - ries all my sor - rows, he scat - ters all my fears,
 3. O, Je - sus is so pre - cious, so lov - ing and so true,

My garments are whit-er than snow; My blessed, blessed Je - sus
 He guid-eth my footsteps a - right; The flames cannot destroy me,
 So will - ing, so strong to re - deem; O, sinner, come to Je - sus,

he leads me gent - ly on, In the way he would have me to go.
 the waves can-not o'erflow, And my darkness he makes as the light.
 your garments steeped in sin, And be washed in the all-cleansing stream.

CHORUS.

My heart's so full of glo - ry, I cannot help but sing, For I'm

happy as the day is long; My blessed, blessed Je - sus has

J. M. W.

- 1.
- 2.
- 3.
- 4.

HALLELUJAH IS MY SONG—Continued.

shed his blood for me, And glo - ry, hal-le-lu-jah is my song.

73

MAKE ME FREE.

J. M. W.

J. M. WHITE.

1. Break these chains that bind my soul, O Lord, and make me free;
2. Take this load from my poor heart, O Lord, it grieves me sore;
3. Turn the page of my dark life, O Lord, and make it clean;
4. Hear - ing now thy lov - ing call, O Lord, I come to thee;

Take this veil from my blind eyes, O Lord, and let me see.
Break the bars that keep thee out, And o - pen wide the door.
Heal the wounds that sin has made, And make me pure within.
Let my bro - ken heart re-joice, That thou hast made me free.

CHORUS.

O, my Lord; hear, my Lord Coming unto thee my sins con-fess-ing;

O, my Lord; save, my Lord; Save, O, save me now.

WORKING FOR JESUS.

J. M. W.

J. M. WHITE.

1. I will give my heart to Je - sus, Spend my life in the
 2. I will do my work for Je - sus, Win - ning souls in the
 3. I will trust my all to Je - sus, Toil - ing on in the
 4. I will bear the cross for Je - sus, Raise it up in the
 5. Ho! ye sin - ners, come to Je - sus, Come and work in the

vine - yard of the Lord, I. I hear the Mas - ter say - ing,
 vine - yard of the Lord; I shall have a glo - rious har - vest,
 vine - yard of the Lord; He is car - ing for my jew - els,
 vine - yard of the Lord; Though the toil - ing makes me wea - ry,
 vine - yard of the Lord; Him that o - ver - comes for Je - sus,

"Welcome home!" ("welcome home!") in the King - dom of the Lord.
 Gathered home (gathered home) in the King - dom of the Lord.
 Treasured up (treasured up) in the King - dom of the Lord.
 I shall rest (I shall rest) in the King - dom of the Lord.
 He'll re - ward (he'll re - ward) in the King - dom of the Lord.

CHORUS.

Bro - ther, hear the voice of Je - sus, "Go and work in the vineyard

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WORKING FOR JESUS—Continued.

J. M. WHITE.

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say - ing,
har - vest,
jew - els,
wea - ry,
Je - sus,

the Lord,
the Lord,
the Lord,
the Lord,
the Lord.

vineyard

of the Lord," He that bringeth souls to Je - sus,
in the vine-yard of the Lord,

Shall be crowned in the Kingdom of the Lord, With a
in the Kingdom of the Lord,

di - a - dem that shineth As the stars in the Kingdom of the Lord.

75

*The baptism of the Holy Ghost
and fire.*

- 1 Jesus, thine all-victorious love
Shed in my heart abroad;
Then shall my feet no longer rove,
Rooted and fixed in God.
- 2 O that in me the sacred fire
Might now begin to glow;
Burn up the dross of base desire,
And make the mountains flow.
- 3 O that it now from heaven might fall,
And all my sins consume!
Come, Holy Ghost, for thee I call,
Spirit of burning, come!
- 4 Refining fire, go through my heart,
Illuminate my soul;
Scatter thy life through every part,
And sanctify the whole.

76

*"If I wash thee not, thou hast no part
in me."*

- 1 For ever here my rest shall be,
Close to thy bleeding side;
This all my hope, and all my plea,—
For me the Saviour died!
- 2 My dying Saviour, and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin,
Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,
And cleanse and keep me clean.
- 3 Wash me, and make me thus thine
own;
Wash me, and mine thou art,
Wash me, but not my feet alone,—
My hands, my head, my heart.
- 4 The atonement of thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve,
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.

T. N. TIPTON.

D. A. WHITE.

1. They tell of a cit - y that knoweth no night, Where there
 2. O sweet will it be there to sing the new song, And the
 3. O sweet will it be in yon mansions a - far, To re -

comes neither sor - row nor strife, Where the loved of the Lamb ev - er
 crown that ne'er fadeth to wear; While our anthems of praise on the
 pose when our la - bors are done; To dwell there, where the Lord and the

walk in the light, Where they drink of the wa - ter of life;
 harp we pro - long, And the palm of the vic - tor we bear;
 bless - ed ones are, Where they need not the light of the sun;

O that cit - y of gold, 'Twill be sweet to be - hold, — To
 'Twill be sweet 'mid those bowers, Where the fair - est of flowers For -
 'Twill be sweet, 'twill be sweet, To re - cline at his feet, To

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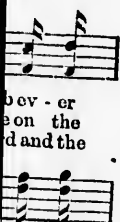
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TO WATCH AND TO WAIT—Continued.

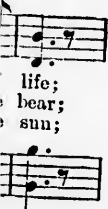
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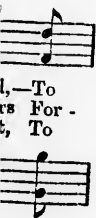
Where there
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Dev - er
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life;
e bear;
e sun;



d, -To
rs For -
t, To

gaze on the great jas - per sea; And there by the gate, To
ev - er are bloom - ing, to be; And there by the gate, To
drink where the fountains flow free; And there by the gate, To

watch and to wait, Till my loved ones come home un - to me.
watch and to wait, Un - til there my be - loved ones I see.
watch and to wait, Till my loved ones come home un - to me.

78

Unfaithfulness acknowledged.

- 1 O for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame;
A light, to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!
- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is that soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?
- 3 What peaceful hours I then en-
joyed,
How sweet their memory still!
But now I find an aching void,
The world can never fill.
- 4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made thee
mourn,
That drove thee from my breast.
- 5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.
- 6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

79

Trusting Christ for all things.

- 1 My faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine;
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my sins away,
O let me from this day
Be wholly thine.
- 2 May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As thou hast died for me,
O may my love to thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire.
- 3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.
- 4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour, then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
O bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul.

J. M. W.

J. M. WHYTE.

1. There's a low - ly birth and the an - gels sing, And the shepherds
 2. There's a man of grief and of sor - rows deep, Walks the shores of
 3. Down from Ol - ive's brow at the break of day, Comes the Sa - viour
 4. There's a blood - stained cross on the mountain top, There's a vic - tim
 5. There's a rock - y grave in the mountain side, And a man - gled

hear the strain, And it tells of Christ who is born a king,
 Gal - i - lee; Heals the brook - en hearts of the throngs that weep,
 wea - ri - ly; In that night - long watch as he knelt to pray,
 hanging there; And the Ro - mans, hold - ing their vig - ils, stop
 form lies there; And the Ro - man guard in their strength and pride

In his right - eous - ness to reign, There's a humble home down in
 Bless - ing all hu - man - i - ty. And the crowds press nearer to
 I have thought he prayed for me. There's a night of woe o'er the
 At the cry of deep despair. "O my God, my God," is the
 Keep the watch with zeal - ous care. But as morn comes on they are

Gal - i - lee, And a youth is dwelling there; Round his be - hood's
 hear him speak, As the dust - y road he treads; And they bring the
 Kid - ron brook, With the cup filled to the brim, Lo, the crimson
 suf - frer's wail, "Why hast thou for - sak - en me?" And the heav - ing
 seized with dread; An - gels roll a - way the stone, And the Son of

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CHOR

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81

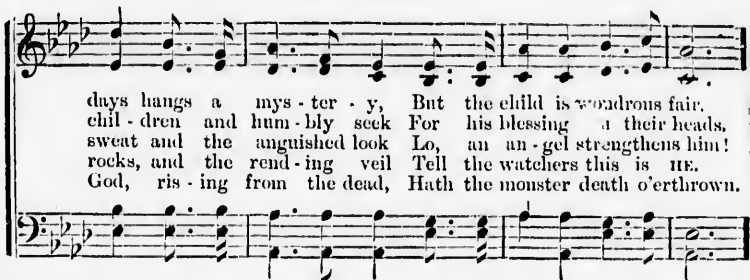
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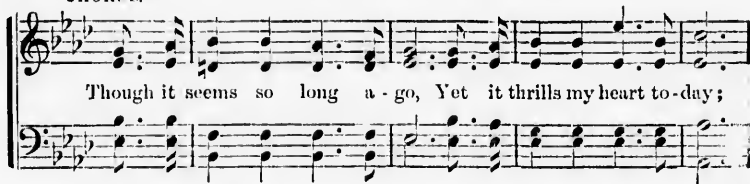
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CHRIST OF GALILEE—Continued.

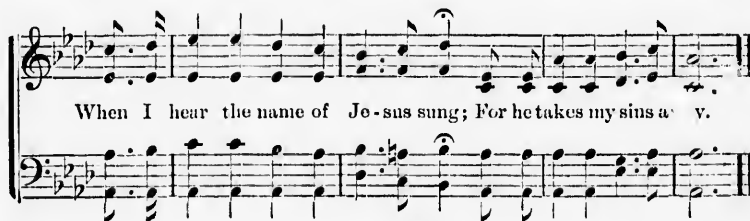


days hangs a mys - ter - y, But the child is wondrous fair.
 chil - dren and hum - bly seek For his blessing a their heads.
 sweat and the anguished look Lo, an an - gel strengthens him!
 rocks, and the rend - ing veil Tell the watchers this is HE.
 God, ris - ing from the dead, Hath the monster death o'erthrown.

CHORUS.



Though it seems so long a - go, Yet it thrills my heart to - day;



When I hear the name of Je - sus sung; For he takes my sins a - way.

81

Our ransom paid.

- 1 Our sins on Christ were laid;
 He bore the mighty load;
 Our ransom-price he fully paid
 In groans, and tears, and blood.
- 2 To save a world he dies;
 Sinners, behold the Lamb!
 To him lift up your longing eyes;
 Seek mercy in his name.
- 3 Pardon and peace abound;
 He will your sins forgive;
 Salvation in his name is found,—
 He bids the sinner live.
- 4 Jesus, we look to thee;—
 Where else can sinners go?
 Thy boundless love shall set us free
 From wretchedness and woe.

82

Condemned, but pleading the promises.

- 1 Show pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive;
 Let a repenting rebel live.
 Are not thy mercies large and free?
 May not a sinner trust in thee?
- 2 O wash my soul from every sin,
 And make my guilty conscience clean;
 Here on my heart the burden lies,
 And past offences pain my eyes,
- 3 My lips with shame my sins confess,
 Against thy law, against thy grace;
 Lord, should thy judgments grow
 severe,
 I am condemned, but thou art clear.
- 4 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
 Whose hope still hov'ring round thy
 word, (there,—
 Would light on some sweet promise
 Some sure support against despair.

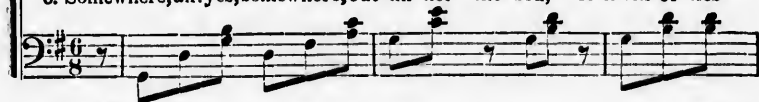
83 SOMEWHERE, AH! YES, SOMEWHERE.

J. M. W.

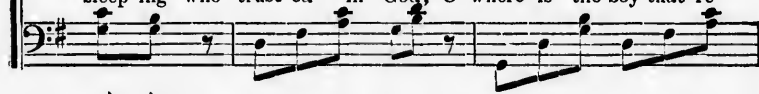
J. M. WITTM



1. Somewhere, ah! yes, somewhere, in anguish and tears, A moth-er looks
2. Somewhere, ah! yes, somewhere, fast has-ten - ing on, In ways that are
3. Somewhere, ah! yes, somewhere, a pale mother stands, And pleads with her
4. Somewhere, ah! yes, somewhere, a mo - ther in prayer, Is cry - ing to
5. Somewhere, ah! yes, somewhere, a mo - ther to - night, Will pray for her
6. Somewhere, ah! yes, somewhere, out un - der the sod, A moth - er lies



back o'er the flight of the years, When bright as the morning, and
 sin - ful, her loved one has gone; Her wan - der - ing boy go - ing
 boy, as she clasps her thin hands; "O go not my boy in the
 hea - ven her dar - ling to spare, "O may my lost boy lis - ten,
 boy till the dawn of the light; Then fold her pale hands on her
 sleep - ing who trust - ed in God; O where is the boy that re -



pure as the dew, The child of her love in his in - no - cence grew.
 far - ther a - stray; De - spis - ing the prayers of his mother to - day.
 ways that are wrong, Re - mem - ber, I pray for you all the night long."
 Lord, to thy voice, And o'er his re - turn let my poor heart re - joice."
 slow - heaving breast—The morning will find her for - ev - er at rest.
 ceived her last kiss, And promised his mother to meet her in bliss?



CHORUS.



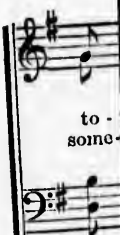
Some - where to - night, some - where
 Somewhere to - night, somewhere



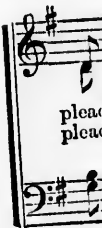
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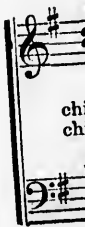
to - ni
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to -
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plead
 plead



chi
 chi

ERE.

J. M. WITTE

SOMEWHERE, AH! YES, SOMEWHERE—Continued.

to-night, The child of her love . . . wan-ders somewhere
to-night, Her child wan-ders somewhere

to - night; O wan - der - ing boy . . . she's
some-where to-night; Wan - der - ing boy, she's

plead - ing for you to - night; Come home . . . my
plead - ing, pleading to-night; Come home my boy, my

child, come home, Come home, my child, come home.
child, come home, my boy, my child, come home.

th-er looks
rs that are
ds with her
y-ing to
y for her
th-er lies

ning, and
go - ing
in the
lis - ten,
s on her
that re-

ence grew.
to - day.
ght long."
re-joice."
t rest.
in bliss?

ewhere

HE WAITS TO PARDON YOU.

J. M. W.

J. M. WHITE.

1. Let me sing to you in a glad re-frain, That Je - sus waits to
 2. In the years gone by it was told to thee, That Je - sus waits to
 3. What a sad, sad day when you hear no more, That Je - sus waits to

par - don you; Let me sing it o - ver a - gain to you, That
 par - don you; You have heard it sung at your mother's knee, That
 par - don you; When the time is past and the sea - son o'er, That

Je - sus waits to par - don you; You've tried, and always tried in vain,
 Je - sus waits to par - don you; She's gone from mortal sight a - way,
 Je - sus waits to par - don you; Ere voice shall fail and song shall die,

To free your soul from sa - tan's reign; O turn to Je - sus
 Yet strangely near she seems to - day; You feel her gen - tle
 Be - fore the days of grace go by, Turn ye, or you will

who will break the chain, For Je - sus waits to par - don you.
 touch and hear her say, "My Je - sus waits to par - don you."
 hear the bit - ter cry, "No Je - sus waits to par - don you."

Yes,

free

Je

1 There is
 Who
 Infinite
 And

2 There
 And
 Death
 This

3 Sweet
 Sta
 So to
 W

4 But t
 To
 And
 Ar

5 O co
 Th
 And
 W

HE WAITS TO PARDON YOU—Continued.

CHORUS.

Yes, Je - sus waits to par - don you, To
Je - sus waits, to par - don you,

free - ly, free - ly par - don you, Yes, Je - sus
free - ly waits to par - don you,

waits to par - don you,
Je - sus waits to par - don you, he waits to free - ly par - don you.

85

The heavenly Canaan.

- 1 There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
- 2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.
- 3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.
- 4 But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea;
And linger, shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.
- 5 O could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy thoughts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unobscured eyes.

- 6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold
flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

86

Death gain to the faithful.

- 1 Why should our tears in sorrow flow
When God recalls his own,
And bids them leave a world of woe,
For an immortal crown?
- 2 Is not e'en death a gain to those
Whose life to God was given?
Gladly to earth their eyes they close,
To open them in heaven.
- 3 Their toils are past, their work is done,
And they are fully blest;
They fought the fight, the vict'ry won;
And entered into rest.
- 4 Then let our sorrows cease to flow
God has recalled his own;
But let our hearts, in every woe,
Still say, Thy will be done.

MRS. P. L. HANEY.

J. M. WHITE.

1. Unsheathed is the sword of the Spir - it to - night, The ar - mies are
 2. Put on the whole armor, march forth in the van, No room therefor
 3. With love for a breast - plate, and faith for a shield, With hope for a

marching on, on to the fight; Fight for King Jesus, the once cruci - fied,
 cowards, God loves a true man; Fight the good fight, there are crowns over there,
 hel - met, go forth to the field; Face to the foe, not a banner be furied,

CHORUS.

Fol - low your lead - er, keep close to his side. In faith . . . and
 Jeweled with stars for the vic - tors to wear.
 Till for King Je - sus we conquer the world. In faith

hope and love, . . . We'll sing . . . our battle song; . . .
 and hope and love, We'll sing, We'll sing our battle song;

With Je - sus close be - side, Fearless we march a - long.
 With Je - sus close beside, Fearless we march a - long.

PRAISE GOD.

OLD MELODY.

1. From ev-'ry place be-low the skies, The grateful song, the fervent prayer,
 2. O thou, to whom, in ancient time, The holy prophet's harp was strung,
 3. Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; Praise him, all creatures here below;

The incense of the heart, may rise To heaven, and find acceptance there.
 To thee at last in ev-'ry clime, Shall temples rise and praise be sung.
 Praise him above, ye heavenly host; Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

CHORUS.

And above the rest this note shall swell, This note shall swell, this note shall swell,

And above the rest this note shall swell, My Jesus hath done all things well.

L. A. MORRISON.

REV. J. E. LANCELEY.

1. Sing, my soul! sing hal - le - lu - jah! raise in song to God a - bove
 2. I was once a bit - ter a - lien, in the darksome ways of sin,
 3. I am happy each glad morning, all my be - ing sings his praise;

Glad ho - san - nas, and a - dore him for his wondrous grace and love,
 And I did not know or love him, who had died my soul to win,
 And I spend each day re - joic - ing in the fa - vor of his ways.

Sing and praise him! hal - le - lu - jah! how the light breaks from his word
 But the Spir - it wooed and won me in - to beau - ti - ful ac - cord;
 Now 'tis pleasure to o - bey him, and the joy his gifts af - ford

That makes living so de - light - ful in the service of the Lord!
 Now 'tis always so de - light - ful in the service of the Lord!
 Makes each du - ty so de - light - ful in the service of the Lord!

CHORUS.

For the way is so delightful! Yes, the way is so delightful!

Sing my soul! 'tis so delightful! In the service of the Lord.

90

"Here we have no continuing city."

- 1 Earth is beautiful and fair,
Yet how soon its beauties fade;
Summer's flowers so sweet and rare,
All in the cold grave are laid,
But this earth is not my home,
Here we cannot always stay;
Swiftly we are passing on
To homes, far, far, far away.
- 2 Far away, where angels dwell,
We will meet to part no more,
And in joyous anthems tell
How we gained that peaceful shore.
There the pure ones live and love,
There no cloud can shroud the day,
In our happy home above,
Our home, far far, far away.
- 3 Judah's Prince is gathering there,
All his ransomed ones, his own;
Free from want, from vexing care,
Sin and death will not be known.
There long-parted friends may meet,
There all tears be wiped away,
Welcome home, sweet strains repeat,
Our home, far, far, far away.

Danbury, Conn.

HARRIET FLEMING.

91

"Hitherto hath the Lord helped us."

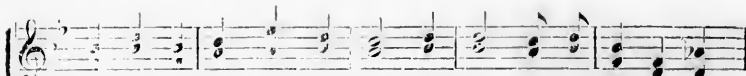
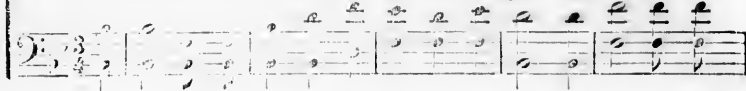
- 1 Come, thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace,
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.
Teach me some celestial measure,
Sung by ransomed hosts above;
O the vast, the boundless treasure
Of my Lord's unchanging love.
- 2 Here I raise my Ebenezer;
Hither by thy help I've come;
And I hope by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.
- 3 O to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee.
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
Prone to leave the God I love!
Here's my heart, O take and seal it,
Seal it for thy courts above!

REV. W. W. CLARK, D.D.

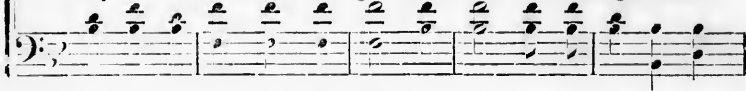
J. M. WHYTE.



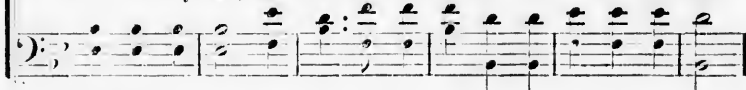
1. Be strong in the Lord, though surrounded by foes; Be true to your
2. We fight not with flesh, but with powers un-seen; We wres-tle 'gainst
3. With-leas-en with-truth we will march to the light, And righteousness
4. Then wait ye to pray lest our foes should alarm, And grace all-suf-
5. Our Lead-er has pre-ord'ed a ben-ic-tary crown, And beckons us
6. O. Li-on of Ju-dah, lead on in this fight, Till foes are all



King, though all hell shall op- pose; He'll con-quer their legions, he'll
darkness, without and with in; The con- flict is rag- ing, he
wear as a breast-plate of light; Sal-va- tion for hel- met be-
fi- cient will nerve ev- 'ry arm; With peace as our san- dals, and
on- ward to fields of re-nown; We has- ten to fol- low his
con-quer'd and ban-ished from sight; The last bat- tle fought and the



van- quish their thron-; The Lord is our Cap- tain, he leads us a- long,
val- iant and strong, For God is our tow- er, our shield and our song,
stow'd by our Lord; The sword of the Spir- it—his con- quering Word,
faith as our shield, We'll con-quer hell's forces, we nev- er will yield.
ban- ner un- furled, And trust- ing in Je- sus, we'll con-quer the world,
last vic- t'ry won, Then Sav- iour re- ceive us and crown us thine own.



CHORUS.



Then a- wake! . . . the trumpet is sound- ing a far;
then a- wake! a- wake!



BE STRONG IN THE LORD—Continued.

85

Now a - rise! . . . the Cap - tain is call - ing to war;
 Now a - rise! a - rise!

Put on the whole ar - mor, stand firm in the fight,

Be strong in the Lord, and the pow'r of his might.

93

Freedom from the bondage of sin.

1 O that my load of sin were gone!
 O that I could at last submit
 At Jesus' feet to lay it down,
 To lay my soul at Jesus' feet!

2 When shall mine eyes behold the
 Lamb?
 The God of my salvation see?
 Weary, O Lord, thou know'st I am;
 Yet still I cannot come to thee.

3 Rest for my soul I long to find;
 Saviour of all, if mine thou art,
 Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
 And stamp thine image on my
 heart.

1 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,
 And fully set my spirit free;
 I cannot rest till pure within,
 Till I am wholly lost in thee.

5 Fain would I learn of thee, my God;
 Thy light and easy burden prove,
 The cross, all stained with hallowed
 blood,
 The labor of thy dying love.

6 I would, but thou must give the power,
 My heart from every sin release;
 Bring near, O Lord, the joyful hour,
 And fill me with thy perfect peace.

7 Come, Lord, the drooping sinner cheer,
 Nor let thy chariot wheels delay;
 Appear, in my poor heart appear!
 My God, my Saviour, come away!

J. WRIGHT.

D. A. WHITE.

1. Ye need-na think it's no for yon, An' syne ye'll lea' a-lane;
 2. The beg-gar man wi' tattered claes, The queen wi' silk-en train,
 3. A-bint the clouds the sun is bricht, An' whiles oor herts are fain,
 4. We'll meet wi' friens we kent lang syne, Wha frae oor herts are ta'en;

He bocht an entrance wi' his bluid—An' ye're a' welcome hame.
 Wha pleads the merits o' his bluid, Will hao a welcome hame.
 To lea' a' struggles o' this warl, An' bee to yon bricht hame.
 They cou'dna bide, for Je-sus ca'ed Them up to his ain hame.

Ye need-na hanker on the road, If sae, he's no to blame;
 The rich, the puir, the young, the auld, To Je-sus are the same,
 The mansions o' the blest are there, Wi' herts a' free frae pain,
 We'll meet them, and we'll welcome be, Whaur Je-sus is to reign;

“Come un-to me,” he says to a'— For ye're a' welcome hame.
 “Come un-to me,” he says to a'— For ye're a' welcome hame.
 We'll gang when his guid time comes roon— For ye're a' welcome hame.
 We'll gang when his guid time comes roon— For ye're a' welcome hame.

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YE'RE A' WELCOME HOME—Continued.

CHORUS.

For ye're a' welcome home, Ye're a' welcome home,
For ye're a' welcome, welcome home, Ye're a' welcome, welcome home,

"Come in - to me," he says to a', For ye're a' welcome home.

95

"The love of Christ constraineth us."

1 And can I yet delay
My little all to give?
To tear my soul from earth away,
For Jesus to receive?

2 Nay, but I yield, I yield!
I can held out no more;
I sink, by dying love compelled,
And own thee conqueror.

3 Though late, I all forsake,
My friends, my all resign;
Gracious Redeemer, take, O take,
And seal me ever thine!

96

Only Jesus.

1 When, gracious Lord, when shall it be
That I shall find my all in thee?
The fulness of thy promise prove,
The seal of thine eternal love?

2 A poor, blind child I wander here,
If haply I may feel thee near;
O dark! dark! dark! I still must say,
Amidst the blaze of gospel day.

3 Thee, only thee, I fain would find,
And cast the world and flesh behind;
Thou, only thou, to me be given,
Of all thou hast in earth or heaven.

4 When from the arm of flesh set free,
Jesus, my soul shall fly to thee;
Jesus, when I have lost my all,
I shall upon thy bosom fall.

97

The Happy Land.

1 There is a happy land,
Far, far away,
Where saints in glory stand,
Bright, bright as day:
O how they sweetly sing,
Worthy is our Saviour King;
Loud let his praises ring
For evermore.

2 Come to this happy land,
Come, come away;
Why will ye doubting stand?
Why still delay?
O, we shall happily be,
When, from sin and sorrow free,
Lord, we shall live with thee,
Blest evermore.

3 Bright, in that happy land,
Beams every eye;
Kept by a Father's hand,
Love cannot die;
O, then, to glory run;
Be a crown and kingdom won;
And, bright above the sun,
Reign evermore.

COME AWAY TO JESUS NOW.

J. M. W.

J. M. WHITE.

1. Oh, why thus stand with re - luctant feet, Just on the verge of this rest so sweet?
 2. The Saviour strives and yet there you stand, In sight of bliss and the glory - land,
 3. Your loved ones gone to the oth - er shore, With unseen hands seem to beckon o'er,
 4. The touch of death is upon your frame, The marble slab soon will bear your name,

While God invites and your steps will greet, Come a - way to Je - sus now.
 Re - treat is death in the sinking sand, Come a - way to Je - sus now.
 Their voi - ces hushed, yet they still implore, Come a - way to Je - sus now.
 Lest you should suf - fer e - ternal shame, Come a - way to Je - sus now.

CHORUS.

Come a - way
 Come a - way to Je - sus, Come a -
 Come a - way to Je - sus, come a - way,

way
 Come a - way to Je - sus, Come a - way to
 Come a - way to Je - sus, come a - way, Come a - way to

Je - sus, Come a - way to Je - sus now.
 Je - sus, come a - way,

T. N. TURNER.

J. M. WHITE.

1. Some one knocking, some one pleading, At the portal of my heart,
 2. Trust in me he gently whispers, Sick and sad and sore thou art,
 3. I am weary, I am troubled, Oh tho bitter pain, the smart,
 4. Ah, his love my bosom pierces, Pierces like a gold-on dart,
 5. Tar - ry with me, oh, my Saviour, Here to thee I yield my heart,

Sweetly pleading, oh, so earnest, Can I say to him, depart?
 Rest in me and I will heal thee, Shall I say to him, depart?
 Peace and joy he offers, How can I bid him depart?
 I am friendless, he is mighty, Dare I say to him depart?
 En - ter in, I will receive thee, Nev - er - more will say depart.

CHORUS.

Some one knocking, some one pleading at the portal of my

heart, Sweetly plead Some one sweetly pleading, oh, so earn
 ing, oh, so earnest.

est, Can I say to him depart? Can I say to him depart?
 ly,

100 JESUS—"A PLACE TO HIDE ME IN."

Miss Toronto.

J. M. WHITE.

1. The tempter comes, with guileful art To snare me in some
 2. Be-fore the bar of God's just law, Condemned he tells me
 3. The words of sorrow, ruthless, search The secrets of my
 4. Thy hid-den ones! O Lord what joy, What ut-ter peace from
 5. O hid-den life with Christ in God, Let me thy blest a-

I thought of sin; I breathe in prayer one bless-ed name, Je - sus,
 I have been; I face him with this per-fect plea, Je - sus,
 s I and sin! Lo! in the midst a quiet rock, Je - sus,
 b'l - ing win! It needs no other words than this, Je - sus,
 The shad-ow of God's lov - ing - ness, Je - sus,

CHORUS.

Je - sus—"a place to hide me in!"
 Je - sus—"a place to hide me in!"
 Je - sus—"a place to hide me in!"
 Je - sus—"a place to hide me in!"
 Je - sus—"a place to hide me in!"
 Blessed place to hide me in!

The on - ly place to hide me in, Sure and safe,

safe from ev'ry sin, Je - sus, Jesus—"a place to hide me in."

T. N. TIPTON.

J. M. WHITZ.

1. Thou Shepherd of Israel, a wand'rer behold, A wand'rer imploring thy
 2. The voice of the tempter seemed sweet to my ear; Ah! w'ere did I yield to his
 3. Deceived by the light that lures to be-tray, I sinned at the darkness, the
 4. My Saviour I'm coming, in thee to a-bide, Ah! wilt thou thine erring one

fa-vour! Forlorn and be-night-ed I'm seeking the fold To
 pleading. Now, homeless and friendless, he leaveth me here; My
 dan-ger; A-las! It hath lured me a-far from the way; I'm
 cher-ish? The tempt-er be-guiled me a-way from thy side, And

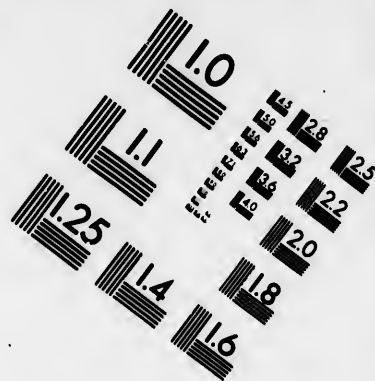
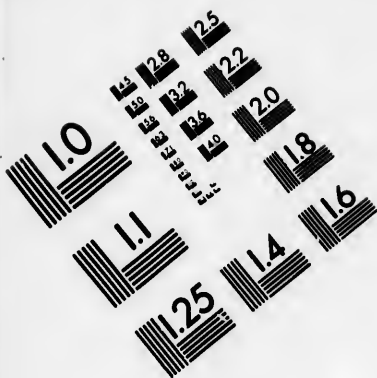
CHORUS.

rest, in the arms of my Saviour,
 heart in its anguish is bleeding, Shepherd of Israel have pity on me!
 lost in the land of the stranger,
 now he hath left me to per-ish.

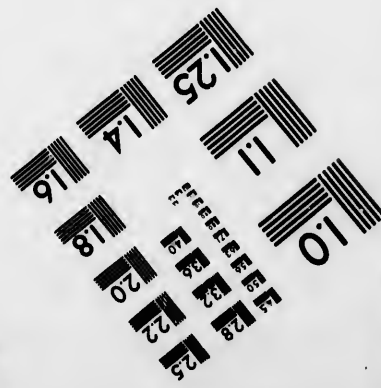
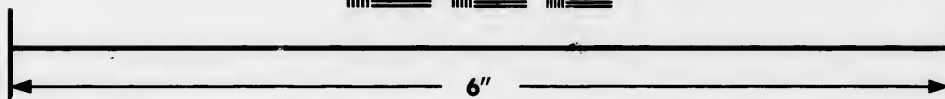
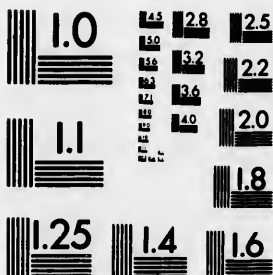
Take me! Oh, take me! I'm coming to thee, To thine arms see the

lost one re-tur-n-ing! Home to thy bosom, my Lord, let me flee.





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JESUS IS CALLING YOU NOW.

J. M. W.

J. M. WETTER.

1. Why do you wait a con - ven - i - ent day? Je - sus is
 2. Days have gone by, and the months and the years, Je - sus is
 3. Dark - ness is deep - ning, and oh, 'tis so late! Je - sus is

call - ing you now; Why do you turn from his pleadings a -
 call - ing you now; Joys have de - part - ed and sorrow a -
 call - ing you now; What if the Spir - it left you to your

way? Jesus is calling you now. He stands at the door of your
 pears, Jesus is calling you now. The promise you made him was
 fate? Jesus is calling you now. Escape for thy life, tar - ry

heart just now, The dews of the morning are on his brow;
 nev - er kept, When down by the grave-side you mourned and wept;
 not, O soul, Es - cape for thy life, you may miss the goal;

He is there waiting and calling you now; O will you not come to him now?
 Turn to him now and his free grace accept; O will you not come to him now?
 And if you miss it, what horrors, O soul! O will you not come to him now?

CHO

103

1 B

TH

2 B

O

3 W

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B

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A

JESUS IS CALLING YOU NOW—Continued.

CHORUS.

Will you not come to him now? Will you not trust in him now?
 Come to him now, come, just now. right

Just now, right now, O hear him, he's calling you now.
 now? Come to him now, trust in him now.

103

Sympathy and mutual love.

- 1 Blest be the tie that binds
 Our hearts in Christian love;
 The fellowship of kindred minds
 Is like to that above.
- 2 Before our Father's throne,
 We pour our ardent prayers;
 Our fears, our hopes, our aims are
 one,
 Our comforts and our cares.
- 3 We share our mutual woes,
 Our mutual burdens bear;
 And often for each other flows
 The sympathizing tear.
- 4 When we asunder part,
 It gives us inward pain;
 But we shall still be joined in heart,
 And hope to meet again.
- 5 This glorious hope revives
 Our courage by the way;
 While each in expectation lives,
 And longs to see the day.
- 6 From sorrow, toil and pain,
 And sin we shall be free;
 And perfect love and friendship
 reign
 Through all eternity.

104

Prayer for a victorious faith.

- 1 O for a faith that will not shrink
 Though pressed by every foe!
 That will not tremble on the brink
 Of any earthly woe;
- 2 That will not murmur or complain
 Beneath the chastening rod,
 But, in the hour of grief or pain,
 Will lean upon its God:
- 3 A faith that shines more bright and
 When tempests rage without; clear
 That when in danger knows no fear,
 In darkness feels no doubt:
- 4 That bears, unmoved, the world's
 dread frown,
 Nor heeds its scornful smile;
 That seas of trouble cannot drown,
 Or Satan's arts beguile:
- 5 A faith that keeps the narrow way
 Till life's last hour is fled,
 And with a pure and heavenly ray
 Illumes a dying bed.
- 6 Lord, give us such a faith as this,
 And then, whatever may come,
 We'll taste, while here, the hallowed
 bliss
 Of an eternal home.

RING ON, SWEET BELLS.

(CHRISTMAS.)

J. M. WATTS

1. Far o'er the wold white rests the snow, Right mer - ri - ly the swells float
 2. On them who journey'd from a - far, The propheta and the seers, One
 3. The glorious tidings from a - bove The heav'nly harpers brought, The
 4. The glorious radiance from the star De - scend - ed on the seers, Where

on the air with breath of prayer Of happy Christmas bells.
 Bright star shone, type of the dawn That crowns the endless years.
 sweet release, the blessed peace, That all their music fraught.
 si - lent, solemn midnight kept, The promise of the year's.

Ring on sweet bells, Ring on sweet bells,
 Ring on sweet bells, ring in the chime, ring on sweet bells ring in the chime.

Ring on bells, ring on bells ring on bells, Ring on bells,

Ring in thy chime, Ring on sweet bells, sweet bells,
 Ring in thy chime, thy chime, Ring on sweet bells, ring in the chime

Ring in thy chime, thy chime, Ring on bells,

ring on sweet bells, Of all the happy Christmas time.
 ring on sweet bells, ring in the chime, Of all the happy Christmas time

ring on bells, Of all the happy Christmas time.

Alas, and d
 All hail the
 Am I a sol
 And can I
 Arise, my
 A song of
 A warning

Beautiful
 Behold, th
 Bo strong
 Blest be th
 Break the
 Broken ho

Christ Jes
 Christ of
 Come aw
 Come aw
 Come, O
 Come, sin
 Come, sin
 Come, th
 Come to
 Come to
 Come, y
 Crowned

Earth is

Far o'er
 Forever
 From o
 From r
 From th

Give m
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 God ha
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Hallelu
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 Hear t

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